



# RAMBLER.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

*Humphrey Knapp*

*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,*

*Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.*

HOR.

L O N D O N.

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MOTTOS

M O T T O S  
AND  
QUOTATIONS  
IN THE  
FOURTH VOLUME  
TRANSLATED.



NUMB.

101 Alas! dear Sir, you try in vain,  
Impossibilities to gain;  
No bee from *Corfica's* rank juice,  
*Hyblean* honey can produce. F. LEWIS.

102 With constant motion as the moments glide,  
Behold in running life the rolling tide!  
For none can stem by art, or stop by pow'r,  
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour;  
But wave by wave pursu'd arrives on shore,  
And each impell'd behind impels before:  
So time on time revolving we descry;  
So minutes follow, and so minutes fly. EDINE. EDIT.

103 They search the secrets of the house, and so  
Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they  
know. DRYDEN.

104 None e're rejects hyperbolies of praise.

105 Vain man runs headlong, to caprice resign'd;  
Impell'd by passion, and with folly blind.



# TRANSLATIONS of the MOTTOS, &c.

NUMB.

106 Time obliterates the fictions of opinion, and confirms the decisions of nature.

Insulting chance ne'er call'd with louder voice,  
On swelling mortals to be proud no more.

107 On themes alternate now the swains recite:  
The muses in alternate themes delight.

EDINB. EDIT.

108 Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;  
He who defers this work from day to day,  
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,  
Till the whole stream, which stop'd him, should  
be gone,  
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

COWLEY.

109 Grateful the gift! a member to the state,  
If you that member useful shall create;  
Train'd both to war, and when the war shall cease,  
As fond, as fit to improve the arts of peace.  
For much it boots which way you train your boy,  
The hopeful object of your future joy.

EDINB. EDIT.

110 We thro' this maze of life one lord obey;  
Whose light and grace unerring, lead the way.  
By hope and faith secure of future bliss,  
Gladly the joys of present life we miss:  
For baffled mortals still attempt in vain,  
Present and future bliss at once to gain.

F. LEWIS.

111 Disaster always waits an early wit.

112 Of strength pernicious to myself I boast;  
The pow'rs I have were giv'n me to my cost.

F. LEWIS.

in the FOURTH VOLUME.

NUMB.

113 A sober man like thee to change his life!  
What fury wou'd possess thee with a wife?

DRYDEN.

114 ————— When man's life is in debate,  
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.

DRYDEN.

115 Some faults, tho' small, intolerable grow.

DRYDEN.

116 Thus the slow ox wou'd gaudy trappings claim;  
The sprightly horse wou'd plough ———

FRANCIS.

117 The gods they challenge, and affect the skies:  
Heav'd on *Olympus* tott'ring *Offa* stood;  
On *Offa*, *Pelion* nods with all his wood

POPE.

How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,  
Lull'd by the beating winds and dashing show'rs!

————— 'Tis sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide  
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd,  
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:  
From thence to look below on human kind,  
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.

DRYDEN.

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

ADDISON.

118 In endless night thy sleep, unwept, unknown:

FRANCIS.

119 Faults lay on either side the *Trojan* tow'rs.

EDINE, EDIT.

120 True virtue can the croud unteach  
Their false mistaken forms of speech;

Virtue,

# TRANSLATIONS of the MOTTOES, &c.

NUMB.

- Virtue, to crowds a foe profess,  
Disdains to number with the blest  
*Phœaces*, by his slaves ador'd,  
And to the *Partbian* crown restor'd. FRANCIS
- 121 Away, ye imitators, servile herd!  
EDINB. EDIT.
- 122 By secret charms our native land attracts.
- 123 What season'd first the vessel, keeps the taste.  
CREECH.
- 124 To range in silence thro' each healthful wood,  
And muse what's worthy of the wise and good.  
EDINB. EDIT.
- 125 But if, through weakness, or my want of art,  
I can't to every different style impart  
The proper strokes and colours it may claim,  
Why am I honour'd with a poet's name?  
FRANCIS:
- 126 Sands form the mountain, moments make the year.  
YOUNG.
- 127 Succeeding years thy early fame destroy;  
Thou, who began'st a man, wilt end a boy.
- 128 For not the brave, or wise, or great,  
E'er yet had happiness compleat;  
Nor *Peleus*, grandson of the sky,  
Nor *Cadmus*, escap'd the shafts of pain,  
Though favour'd by the pow'rs on high,  
With ev'ry bliss that man can gain.
- 129 Now, *Dædalus*, behold, by fate assign'd,  
A task proportion'd to thy mighty mind!  
UNCOR-

in the FOURTH VOLUME.

NUMB.

Unconquer'd bars on earth and sea withstand;  
Thine, *Minos*, is the main, and thine the land.  
The skies are open—let us try the skies:  
Forgive, great *Jove*, the daring enterprize.

- 130 Not faster in the summer's ray  
The spring's frail beauty fades away,  
Than anguish and decay consume  
The smiling virgin's rosy bloom.  
Some beauty's snatch'd each day, each hour;  
For beauty is a fleeting flow'r:  
Than how can wisdom e'er confide  
In beauty's momentary pride?

EDIN. EDIT.

- 131 Still follow where auspicious fates invite;  
Care's the happy, and the wretched slight.  
Sooner shall jarring elements unite,  
Than truth with gain, than interest with right.  
F. LEWIS.

- 132 The mind of mortals, in perverseness strong,  
Imbibes with dire docility the wrong.

- 133 Let Stoics ethic's haughty rules advance,  
To combat fortune, and to conquer chance:  
Yet happy those, tho' not so learn'd, are thought,  
Whom life instructs, who by experience taught,  
For new to come from past misfortunes look,  
Nor shake the yoke, which galls the more 'tis shook.  
CRRICH.

- 134 Who knows if Heav'n, with ever-bounteous pow'r,  
Shall add to-morrow to the present hour?  
FRANCIS.

- 135 Place may be chang'd; but who can change his  
mind?

136 Who



# TRANSLATIONS of the MOTTOS, &c.

NUMB.

336 Who dares think one thing, and another tell,  
My heart detests him as the gates of Hell.

POPE,

Thus much I will indulge thee for thy ease,  
And mingle something of our times to please.

DRYDEN junr,





THE  
**RAMBLER.**

NUMB. 101. TUESDAY, March 5, 1751.

*Mella jubes Hyblæa tibi vel Hymettia nasci,  
Et thyma Cecropiæ Corsica ponis api.*

MART.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,



HAVING by several years of continual study treasured in my mind a great number of principles and ideas, and obtained by frequent exercise the power of applying them, with propriety, and combining them with readiness, I resolved to

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B

quit

2. The RAMBLER. N<sup>o</sup> 101.

quit the university, where I considered myself as a gem hidden in the mine, and to mingle in the croud of publick life. I was naturally attracted by the company of those who were of the same age with myself, and finding that my academical gravity contributed very little to my reputation, applied my faculties to jocularity and burlesque. Thus, in a short time, I had heated my imagination to such a state of activity and ebullition, that upon every occasion it fumed away in bursts of wit, and evaporations of gaiety. I became on a sudden the idol of the coffee-house, was in one winter solicited to accept the presidency of five clubs, was dragged by violence to every new play, and quoted in every controversy upon theatrical merit; was in every publick place surrounded by a multitude of humble auditors, who retailed in other places of resort my maxims and my jests, and was boasted as their intimate and companion by many, who had no other pretensions to my acquaintance, than that they had drank chocolate in the same room.

You will not wonder, Mr. RAMBLER, that I mention my success with some appearance

pearance of triumph and elevation. Perhaps no kind of superiority is more flattering or alluring than that which is conferred by the powers of conversation, by extemporaneous sprightliness of fancy, copiousness of language, and fertility of sentiment. In other exertions of genius, the greatest part of the praise is unknown and unenjoyed; the writer, indeed, spreads his reputation to a wider extent, but receives little pleasure or advantage from the diffusion of his name, and only obtains a kind of nominal sovereignty over regions which pay no tribute. The colloquial wit has always his own radiance reflected on himself, and enjoys all the pleasure which he bestows; he finds his power confessed by every one that approaches him, sees friendship kindling with rapture, and attention swelling into praise.

THE desire which every man feels of importance and esteem is so much gratified by finding an assembly, at his entrance, brightened with gladness and hushed with expectation, that the recollection of such distinctions can scarcely fail to be pleasing whensoever it is innocent. And my conscience does not re-



4      The RAMBLER. N<sup>o</sup> 101.

proach me with any mean or criminal effects of vanity; since I always employed my influence on the side of virtue, and never sacrificed my understanding or my religion to the pleasure of applause.

THERE were many whom either the desire of enjoying my pleasantry, or the pride of being thought to enjoy it, brought often into my company; but I was carested in a particular manner by *Demochares*, a gentleman of a large estate, and a liberal disposition. My fortune was by no means exuberant, and therefore I was not displeased with a friend who was willing to be entertained at his own charge. I became by daily invitations habituated to his table, and, as he had persuaded himself to believe my acquaintance necessary to the character of elegance, which he was desirous of establishing, I lived in all the luxury of affluence without expence or dependence, and passed my life in a perpetual reciprocation of pleasure with men whom similitude of accomplishments or desire of improvement crouded about us.

BUT all power has its sphere of activity, beyond which it produces no effect. *Demo-*  
*chares*

*chares* being called by his affairs into the country, imagined that he should encrease his reputation and popularity by coming among his neighbours accompanied by a man whose abilities were so generally allowed. The report presently spread thro' half the county that *Demochares* was arrived, and had brought with him the celebrated *Hilarius*, by whom such merriment would be excited, as had never been enjoyed or conceived before. I knew, indeed, the purpose for which I was invited, and, as men do not look diligently out for possible miscarriages, was pleased to find myself courted upon principles of interest, and considered as capable of reconciling factions, composing feuds, and uniting a whole province in social happiness.

AFTER a few days spent in adjusting his domestick regulations, *Demochares* invited all the gentlemen of his neighbourhood to dinner, and did not forget to hint how much my presence was expected to heighten the pleasure of the feast. He informed me what prejudices my reputation had raised in my favour, and represented the satisfaction with which he should see me kindle up the blaze

of merriment, and should remark the various effects that my fire would have upon such diversity of matter.

THIS declaration, by which he intended to quicken my vivacity, filled me with solicitude. I felt an ambition of shining, which I never knew before ; and was therefore embarrassed with an unusual fear of disgrace. I passed the night in planning out to myself the conversation of the coming day ; recollected all my topicks of raillery, proposed proper subjects of ridicule, prepared smart replies to a thousand questions, accommodated answers to imaginary repartees, and formed a magazine of remarks, apophthegms, tales, and illustrations.

THE morning broke at last in the midst of these busy meditations. I rose with the palpitations of a champion on the day of combat ; and, notwithstanding all my efforts, found my spirits sunk under the weight of expectation. The company soon after began to drop in, and every one, at his entrance, was introduced to *Hilarius*. What conception the inhabitants of this region had formed of



of a wit, I cannot yet discover, but observed that they all seemed after the regular exchange of compliments to turn away disappointed, and that while we waited for dinner, they cast their eyes first upon me, and then upon each other, like a theatrical assembly waiting for a shew.

FROM the uneasiness of this situation, I was relieved by the dinner, and as every attention was taken up by the business of the hour, I sunk quietly to a level with the rest of the company. But no sooner were the dishes removed, than instead of chearful confidence and familiar prattle, an universal silence again shewed their expectation of some unusual performane. My friend endeavoured to rouse them by healths and questions, but they answered him with great brevity, and immediately relapsed into their former taciturnity.

I HAD waited in hope of some opportunity to divert them, but could find no pass opened for a single sally; and who can be merry without an object of mirth? After a few faint efforts, which produced neither ap-



8      The RAMBLER. N<sup>o</sup> 101.

plause nor opposition, I was content to mingle with the mass, to put round the glass in silence, and solace myself with my own contemplations.

My friend looked round him ; the guests stared at one another ; and if now and then a few syllables were uttered with timidity and hesitation, there was none ready to make any reply. All our faculties were frozen, and every minute took away from our capacity of pleasing, and disposition to be pleased. Thus passed the hours to which so much happiness was decreed ; the hours which had, by a kind of open proclamation, been devoted to wit, to mirth, and to *Hilarius*.

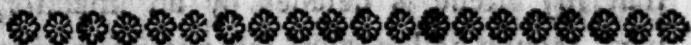
AT last the night came on, and the necessity of parting freed us from the persecutions of each other. I heard them as they walked along the court murmuring at the loss of the day, and enquiring whether any man would pay a second visit to a house haunted by a wit.

*Demochares*, whose Benevolence is greater than his penetration, having flattered his hopes with the secondary honour which he  
was

was to gain by my sprightliness and elegance, and the affection with which he should be followed for a perpetual banquet of gaiety, was not able to conceal his vexation and resentment, nor would easily be persuaded but that I had sacrificed his interest to sullenness and caprice, had studiously endeavoured to disgust his guests, and suppressed my powers of delighting, in obstinate and premeditated silence. I am informed that the reproach of their ill reception is divided by the gentlemen of the country between us; some being of opinion that my friend is deluded by an impostor, who, though he has found some art of gaining his favour, is afraid to speak before men of more penetration; and others concluding that I think only *London* the proper theatre of my abilities, and disdain to exert my genius for the praise of rusticks.

I BELIEVE, Mr. RAMBLER, that it has sometimes happened to others, who have the good or ill fortune to be celebrated for wits, to fall under the same censures upon the like occasions. I hope therefore that you will prevent any misrepresentations of such failures, by remarking that invention is not wholly at

the command of its possessor ; that the power of pleasing is very often obstructed by the desire ; that all expectation lessens surprize, yet some surprize is necessary to gaiety ; and that those who desire to partake of the pleasure of wit must contribute to its production, since the mind stagnates without external ventilation, and that effervescence of the fancy, which flashes into transport, can be raised only by the infusion of dissimilar ideas.



NUMB. 102. SATURDAY, March 9, 1751.

*Ipse quoque assidue labuntur tempora motu  
Non secus ac flumen : neque enim consistere flumen,  
Nec levis hora potest ; sed ut unda impellitur undâ,  
Urgeturque prior veniente, urgetque priorem,  
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur.*

OVID.

“**L**IFE,” says *Seneca*, “is a voyage, in  
“ the progress of which, we are perpe-  
“ tually changing our scenes ; we first leave  
“ childhood behind us, then youth, then the  
“ years



"years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age." The perusal of this passage, having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means



of security, than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I THEN looked round with anxious eagerness: and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

BEFORE me, and each other side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who,  
by

by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

THE current was invariable and insurmountable ; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

IT was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence ; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him ; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten ; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence ; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed ;

ashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

THIS negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those, who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly, by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

THE vessels, in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

THIS necessity of perishing might have been expected.

expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with HOPE, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

YET all that HOPE ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. HOPE, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety;



safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they, whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

IN the midst of the current of life was the gulph of *INTEMPERANCE*, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which *EASE* spread couches of repose, and with shades, where *PLEASURE* warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. *REASON*, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her intreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of *PLEASURE*, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

*REASON* was too often prevailed upon so far

far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of INTemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom REASON was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of PLEASURE, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach to the gulph of INTemperance.

THERE were artists who professed to repair

pair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of PLEASURE. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

THE only advantage, which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; (for they) passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of PLEASURE, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce HOPE herself could flatter with success.

As



N<sup>o</sup> 103. The RAMBLER. 19

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown Power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?" I looked, and seeing the gulph of INTemperance before me, started and awaked.



NUMB. 103. TUESDAY, March 12, 1751.

*Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.*

Juv.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteristicks of a vigorous intellect, to which every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to farther progress. All the attainments possible in our present state are evidently inadequate to our capacities of enjoyment; conquest serves no purpose but that of kindling ambition, discovery has no effect but of raising



ing expectation ; the gratification of one desire encourages another, and after all our labours, studies, and enquiries, we are continually at the same distance from the completion of our schemes, have still some wish importunate to be satisfied, and some faculty restless and mutinous for want of employment.

THE desire of knowledge, though it is often animated by extrinſick and adventitious motives, ſeems on many occasions to operate without ſubordination to any other principle ; we are eager to ſee and hear, without intention of referring our obſervations to a farther end ; we climb a mountain for a proſpect of the plain ; we run to the ſtrand in a ſtorm, that we may contemplate the agitation of the water ; we range from city to city, though we profeſs neither architecture nor fortification ; we croſs ſeas only to view nature in nakedneſs, or magnificence in ruins ; we are equally allured by novelty of every kind, by a deſart or a palace, a cataract or a cavern, by every thing rude, and every thing poliſhed, every thing great and every thing little ; we do not ſee a thicket  
but

but with some temptation to enter it, nor remark an insect flying before us but with an inclination to pursue it.

THIS passion is, perhaps, regularly heightened in proportion as the powers of the mind are elevated and enlarged. *Lucan* therefore introduces *Cæsar* speaking with dignity suitable to the grandeur of his designs and the extent of his capacity, when he declares to the high priest of *Egypt*, that he has no desire equally powerful with that of finding the origin of the *Nile*, and that he would quit all the projects of the civil war for a sight of those fountains which had been so long concealed. And *Homer*, when he would furnish the *Sirens* with a temptation, to which his hero, renowned for wisdom, might yield without disgrace, makes them declare, that none ever departed from them but with increase of knowledge.

THERE is, indeed, scarce any kind of ideal acquirement which may not be applied to some use, or which may not at least gratify pride with occasional superiority; but whoever attends the motions of his own mind  
will

will find, that upon the first appearance of an object, or the first start of a question, his inclination to a nearer view, or more accurate discussion, precedes all thoughts of profit, or of competition; and that his desires take wing by instantaneous impulse, though their flight may be invigorated, or their efforts renewed, by subsequent considerations. The gratification of curiosity rather frees us from uneasiness than confers pleasure; we are more pained by ignorance than delighted by instruction. Curiosity is the thirst of the soul; it inflames and torments us, and makes us taste every thing with joy, however otherwise insipid, by which it may be quenched.

It is evident that the earliest searchers after knowledge must have proposed knowledge only as their reward; and that science, though perhaps the nursling of interest, was the daughter of curiosity: for who can believe that they who first watched the course of the stars, foresaw the use of their discoveries to the facilitation of commerce, or the mensuration of time? They were delighted with the splendor of the nocturnal skies, they found that the lights changed their places, what they admired



admired they were anxious to understand, and in time traced their revolutions.

THERE are, indeed, beings in the form of men, who appear satisfied with their intellectual possessions, and seem to live without desire of enlarging their conceptions; before whom the world passes without notice, and who are equally unmoved by nature or by art.

THIS negligence is sometimes only the temporary effect of a predominant passion; a lover finds no inclination to travel any path, but that which leads to the habitation of his mistress; a trader can spare little attention to common occurrences, when his fortune is endangered by a storm. It is frequently the consequence of a total immersion in sensuality: corporeal pleasures may be indulged till the memory of every other kind of happiness is obliterated; the mind long habituated to a lethargick and quiescent state, is unwilling to wake to the toil of thinking; and though she may sometimes be disturbed by the obtrusion of new ideas, shrinks back again to ignorance and rest.

BUT,



BUT, indeed, if we except them to whom the continual task of procuring the supports of life, denies all opportunities of deviation from their own narrow track, the number of such as live without the ardour of enquiry, is very small, though many content themselves with cheap amusements, and waste their lives in researches of no importance.

THERE is no snare more dangerous to busy, and excursive minds, than the cobwebs of petty inquisitiveness, which entangle them in trivial employments and minute studies, and detain them in a middle state between the tediousness of total inactivity, and the fatigue of laborious efforts, enchant them at once with ease and novelty, and vitiate them with the luxury of learning. The necessity of doing something, and the fear of undertaking much, sinks the historian to a genealogist, the philosopher to a journalist of the weather, and the mathematician to a constructor of dials.

IT is happy when those who cannot content themselves to be idle, nor resolve to be indu-

industrious, are at least employed without injury to others; but it seldom happens that we can contain ourselves long in a neutral state, or forbear to sink into vice, when we are no longer soaring towards virtue.

NUGACULUS was distinguished in his earlier years by an uncommon liveliness of imagination, quickness of sagacity, and extent of knowledge. When after having passed through the usual methods of education, he entered into life, he applied himself with particular inquisitiveness to examine the various motives of human actions, the complicated influence of mingled affections, the different modifications of interest and ambition, and the various causes of miscarriage and success both in public and private affairs.

THOUGH his friends did not discover to what purpose all these observations were collected, or how *Nugaculus* would much improve his virtue or his fortune by an incessant attention to changes of countenance, bursts of inconsideration, sallies of passion, and all the other casualties by which he used to trace a character, yet they could not deny the

study of human nature to be worthy of a wise man; they therefore flattered his vanity, applauded his discoveries, and listened with submissive modesty to his lectures on the uncertainty of inclination, the weakness of resolves, and the instability of temper, to his account of the various motives which agitate the mind, and his ridicule of the modern dream of a ruling passion.

SUCH was the first incitement of *Nugatus* to a close inspection into the conduct of mankind. He had no interest in view, and therefore no design of supplantation; he had no malevolence, and therefore detected faults without any intention to expose them; but having once found the art of engaging his attention upon others, he had no inclination to call it back to himself, but has passed his time in keeping a watchful eye upon every rising character, and lived upon a small estate without any thought of encreasing it.

He is, by continual application, become a general master of secret history, and can give an account of the intrigues, private marriages, competitions, and stratagems of half



half a century. He knows the mortgages upon every man's estate, the terms upon which every spendthrift raises his money, the real and reputed fortune of every lady, the jointure stipulated by every contract, and the expectations of every family from maiden aunts and childless acquaintances. He can relate the economy of every house, knows how much one man's cellar is robbed by his butler, and the land of another underlet by his steward; he can tell where the manor-house is falling, though large sums are yearly paid for repairs; and where the tenants are felling woods without the consent of the owner.

To obtain all this intelligence he is inadvertently guilty of a thousand acts of treachery. He sees no man's servant without draining him of his trust; he enters no family without flattering the children into discoveries; he is a perpetual spy upon the doors of his neighbours; and knows, by long experience, at whatever distance, the looks of a creditor, a borrower, a lover, and a pimp.

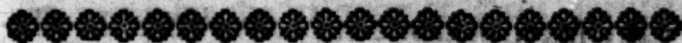
NUGACULUS is not ill-natured, and there-



fore his industry has not hitherto been very mischievous to others, or dangerous to himself; but since he cannot enjoy this knowledge but by discovering it, and, if he had no other motive to loquacity, is obliged to traffick like the chymists, and purchase one secret with another, he is every day more hated as he is more known; for he is considered by great numbers as one that has their fame and their happiness in his power, and no man can much love him of whom he lives in fear.

THUS has an intention, innocent at first, if not laudable, the intention of regulating his own behaviour by the experience of others, betrayed *Nugaculus* not only to a foolish, but vicious waste of a life which might have been honourably passed in public services, or domestic virtues. Such is the fate of all excessive desires, and such the consequence of giving up the mind to employments that engross, but do not improve it.





NUMB. 104. SATURDAY, *March 16, 1751.*

— *Nihil est quod credere de se*

*Non possit* —

Juv.

**T**HE apparent insufficiency of every individual to his own happiness or safety, compels us to seek from one another assistance and support. The necessity of joint efforts for the execution of any great or extensive design, the variety of powers disseminated in the species, and the proportion between the defects and excellencies of different persons, demand an interchange of help, and communication of intelligence, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence, unite mankind in society and friendship.

If it can be imagined that there ever was a time when the inhabitants of any country were in a state of equality, without distinction of rank, or peculiarity of possessions, it is reasonable to believe that every man was then loved in proportion as he could contribute by his strength, or his skill, to the supply of natu-

ral wants ; that there was little room for peevish dislike, or capricious favour ; that the affection then admitted into the heart, was rather esteem than tenderness ; and that kindness was only purchased by benefits. But when by force or policy, by wisdom or by fortune, property and superiority were introduced and established, so that many were condemned to labour for the support of a few, then they whose possessions swelled above their wants, naturally laid out their superfluities upon pleasure ; and those who could not gain friendship by necessary offices, endeavoured to promote their interest by luxurious gratifications, and to create need, which they might be courted to supply.

THE desires of mankind are so much more numerous than their attainments, and the capacity of imagination so much larger than actual enjoyment, that no power of bestowing can equal expectation. Every distant appearance of advantage must therefore excite struggles and competitions ; that which can be obtained only by one will be desired by multitudes, while there remain multitudes unsatisfied with their allotment ; and he who cannot hope

to succeed by real services, and either finds no room for the exertion of great qualities, or perceives himself excelled by his rivals, will have recourse to other expedients, will endeavour to become agreeable where he cannot be important, and learn, by degrees, to number the *art of pleasing* among the most useful studies, and most valuable acquisitions.

THIS art, like others, is cultivated in proportion to its usefulness, and will always flourish most where it is most rewarded: for this reason we find it practised with great assiduity under absolute governments, where honours and riches are in the hands of one man, whom all endeavour to propitiate, and who soon becomes so much accustomed to compliance and officiousness, as not easily to find, in the most delicate address, that novelty which is necessary to procure attention.

It is discovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleased with a companion, who does not encrease, in some respect, his fondness of himself; and, therefore, he that wishes rather to be led forward to prosperity by the gentle hand of favour,



than to force his way by labour and merit, must consider with more care how to display his patron's excellencies than his own; that whenever he approaches, he may fill the imagination with pleasing dreams, and chase away disgust and weariness by a perpetual succession of delightful images.

THIS may, indeed, sometimes be effected by turning the attention upon advantages which are really possessed, or upon prospects which reason spreads before hope; for, whoever can deserve or require to be courted has generally, either from nature or from fortune, gifts, which he may review with satisfaction, and of which when he is artfully recalled to the contemplation, he will seldom be displeased.

BUT those who have once degraded their understanding to an application only to the passions, and who have learned to derive hope from any other sources than industry and virtue, seldom retain dignity and magnanimity sufficient to defend them against the constant recurrence of temptation to falshood. He that is too desirous to be loved will soon  
learn

learn to flatter, and when he has exhausted all the variations of honest praise, and can delight no longer with the civility of truth, he will invent new topics of panegyric, and break out into raptures at virtues and beauties conferred by himself.

THE drudgeries of dependence would, indeed, be aggravated by hopelessness of success, if no indulgence was allowed to adulation. He that will obstinately confine his patron to hear only the commendations which he deserves, will soon be forced to give way to others that regale him with more compass of music. The greatest human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity. We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others should think us still better than we think ourselves. To praise us for actions, or dispositions, which deserve praise, is not to confer a benefit, but to pay a tribute. We have always pretensions to fame, which, in our own hearts, we know to be disputable, and which we are desirous to strengthen by a new suffrage; we have always hopes which we suspect to be fallacious,

cious, and of which we eagerly snatch at every confirmation.

It may, indeed, be proper to make the first approaches under the conduct of truth, and to secure credit to future encomiums, by such praise as may be ratified by the conscience; but the mind once habituated to the lusciousness of eulogy, becomes in a short time nice and fastidious, and like a vitiated palate is incessantly calling for higher gratifications.

It is scarcely credible how far discernment may be dazzled by the mist of pride, and wisdom infatuated by the intoxication of flattery; or how low the genius may descend by successive gradations of servility, and how swiftly it may fall down the precipice of falsehood. No man can, indeed, observe without indignation, on what names, both of antient and modern times, the utmost exuberance of praise has been lavished, and by what hands it has been bestowed. It has never yet been found, that the tyrant, the plunderer, the oppressor, the most hateful of the hateful, the most profligate of the profligate,

profligate, have been denied any celebrations which they were willing to purchase, or that wickedness and folly have not found correspondent flatterers through all their subordinations, except when they have been associated with avarice or poverty; and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyrist.

As there is no character so deformed as to fright away from it the prostitutes of praise, there is no degree of encomiastic veneration which pride has refused. The emperors of Rome suffered themselves to be worshiped in their lives with altars and sacrifice; and in an age more enlightened the terms peculiar to the praise and worship of the Supreme Being, have been applied to wretches whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men; and whom nothing but riches or power hindered those that read or wrote their deification, from hunting into the toils of justice, as disturbers of the peace of nature.

THERE are, indeed, many among the poetical flatterers, who must be resigned to infamy without vindication, and whom we must



confess to have deserted the cause of virtue for pay; They have committed, against full conviction, the crime of obliterating the distinctions between good and evil, and, instead of opposing the encroachments of vice, have incited her progress, and celebrated her conquests. But there is a lower class of sycophants, whose understanding has not made them capable of equal guilt. Every man of high rank is surrounded with numbers, who have no other rule of thought or action, than his maxims, and his conduct; whom the honour of being numbered among his acquaintance, reconciles to all his vices, and all his absurdities; and who easily persuade themselves to esteem him, by whose regard they consider themselves as distinguished and exalted.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness. Stupidity is soon blinded by the splendour of wealth, and cowardice is easily fettered in the shackles of dependence. To solicit patronage, is, at least in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood;  
few

few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.



NUMB. 105. TUESDAY, March 19, 1751.

*Animorum*

*Impulsu, et cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti.*

JUV.

I Was lately considering among other objects of speculation, the new attempt of an *universal register*, an office, in which every man may lodge an account of his superfluities and wants, of whatever he desires to purchase, or to sell. My imagination soon presented to me the latitude to which this design may be extended by integrity and industry, and the advantages which may be justly hoped from a general mart of intelligence, when once its reputation shall be so established, that neither reproach nor fraud shall be feared from it; when an application to it shall not be censured as the last resource of desperation, nor its informations suspected as the fortuitious suggestions of men obliged

not

not to appear ignorant. As places where every exuberance may be discharged, and every deficiency supplied, where every lawful passion may find its gratifications, and every honest curiosity receive satisfaction, where the stock of a nation, pecuniary and intellectual, may be brought together, and where all conditions of humanity may hope to find relief, pleasure, and accommodation, must equally deserve the attention of the merchant and philosopher, of him who mingles in the tumult of business, and him who only lives to amuse himself with the various employments and pursuits of others. Nor will it be an uninstrueting school to the greatest masters of method and dispatch, if such multiplicity can be preserved from embarrassment, and such tumult from inaccuracy.

WHILE I was concerting this splendid project, and filling my thoughts with its regulation, its conveniencies, its variety, and its consequences, I sunk gradually into slumber; but the same images, though less distinct, still continued to float upon my fancy. I perceived myself at the gate of an immense edifice, where innumerable multitudes were passing

passing without confusion; every face on which I fixed my eyes, seemed settled in the contemplation of some important purpose, and every foot was hastened by eagerness and expectation. I followed the croud without knowing whither I should be drawn, and remained a while in the unpleasing state of an idler where all other beings were busy, giving place every moment to those who had more importance in their looks. Ashamed to stand ignorant, and afraid to ask questions, at last I saw a lady sweeping by me, whom, by the quickness of her eyes, the agility of her steps, and a mixture of levity and impatience, I knew to be my long loved protectress, CURIOSITY. "Great goddess," said I, "may thy votary be permitted to  
 " implore thy favour; if thou hast been my  
 " directress from the first dawn of reason, if  
 " I have followed thee through the maze of  
 " life with invariable fidelity, if I have turn-  
 " ed to every new call, and quitted at thy  
 " nod one pursuit for another, if I have never  
 " stopped at the invitations of fortune, nor  
 " forgot thy authority in the bowers of plea-  
 " sure, inform me now whither chance has  
 " conducted me.

" THOU



"THOU art now," replied the smiling  
 power, "in the presence of JUSTICE, and of  
 "TRUTH, whom the father of gods and  
 "men has sent down to register the demands  
 "and pretensions of mankind, that the world  
 "may at last be reduced to order, and that  
 "none may complain hereafter of being  
 "doomed to tasks for which they are un-  
 "qualified, of possessing faculties for which  
 "they cannot find employment, or virtues  
 "that languish unobserved for want of op-  
 "portunities to exert them, of being encum-  
 "bered with superfluities which they would  
 "willingly resign, or of wasting away in de-  
 "sires which ought to be satisfied. JUSTICE  
 "is now to examine every man's wishes, and  
 "TRUTH is to record them; let us ap-  
 "proach, and observe the progress of this great  
 "transaction."

SHE then moved forward, and TRUTH,  
 who knew her among the most faithful of her  
 followers, beckoned her to advance, till we  
 were placed near the seat of JUSTICE. The  
 first who required the assistance of the office,  
 came forward with a slow pace, and tumour  
 of dignity, and shaking a weighty purse in his  
 hand,

hand, demanded to be registred by TRUTH, as the MECÆNAS of the presentage, the chief encourager of literary merit, to whom men of learning and wit might apply in any exigence or distress with certainty of succour. JUSTICE very mildly enquired whether he had calculated the expence of such a declaration? whether he had been informed what number of petitioners would swarm about him? whether he could distinguish idleness and negligence from calamity, ostentation from knowledge, or vivacity from wit? To these questions he seemed not well provided with a reply, but repeated his desire to be recorded a patron. JUSTICE then offered to register his proposal on these conditions, that he should never suffer himself to be flattered; that he should never delay an audience when he had nothing to do; and that he should never encourage followers without intending to reward them. These terms were too hard to be accepted; for what, said he, is the end of patronage, but the pleasure of reading dedications, holding multitudes in suspense, and enjoying their hopes, their fears, and their anxiety, flattering them to assiduity, and, at last, dismissing them for impatience? JUSTICE  
heard

heard his confession, and ordered his name to be posted upon the gate among cheats, and robbers, and publick nuisances, which all were by that notice warned to avoid.

ANOTHER required to be made known as the discoverer of a new art of education, by which languages and sciences might be taught to all capacities, and all inclinations, without fear of punishment, pain of confinement, loss of any part of the gay mien of ignorance, or any obstruction of the necessary progress in dress, dancing, or cards.

JUSTICE and TRUTH did not trouble this great adept with many enquiries; but finding his address awkward, and his speech barbarous, ordered him to be registred as a tall fellow who wanted employment, and might serve in any post where the knowledge of reading and writing was not required.

A MAN of a very great and philosophic aspect required notice to be given of his intention to set out a certain day, on a submarine voyage, and of his willingness to take in passengers for no more than double the price

heard

at



at which they might sail above water. His desire was granted, and he retired to a convenient stand in expectation of filling his ship, and growing rich in a short time by the secrecy, safety, and expedition of the passage.

ANOTHER desired to advertise the curious that he had, for the advancement of true knowledge, contrived an optical instrument, by which those who laid out their industry on memorials of the changes of the wind, might observe the direction of the weathercocks on the hither side of the lunar world.

ANOTHER wished to be known as the author of an invention, by which cities or kingdoms might be made warm in winter by a single fire, a kettle, and pipe. Another had a vehicle by which a man might bid defiance to floods, and continue floating in an inundation without any inconvenience till the water should subside. JUSTICE considered these projects as of no importance but to their authors, and therefore scarcely condescended to examine them; but TRUTH refused to admit them into the register.



TWENTY different pretenders came in one hour to give notice of an universal medicine, by which all diseases might be cured or prevented, and life protracted beyond the age of NESTOR. But JUSTICE informed them, that one universal medicine was sufficient, and she would delay the notification of her office, till she saw who could longest preserve his own life.

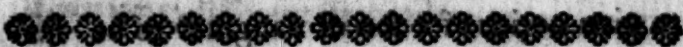
A THOUSAND other claims and offers were exhibited and examined. I remarked among this mighty multitude, that, of intellectual advantages, many had great exuberance, and few confessed any want; of every art there were a hundred professors for a single pupil: but of other attainments, such as riches, honours, and preferments, I found none that had too much, but thousands and ten thousands that thought themselves intitled to a larger dividend,

It often happened that old misers, and women married at the close of life, advertised their want of children; nor was it uncommon for those who had a numerous offspring,

to give notice of a son or daughter to be spared ; but though appearances promised well on both sides, the bargain seldom succeeded ; for they soon lost their inclination to adopted children, and proclaimed their intentions to promote some scheme of public charity ; a thousand proposals were immediately made, among which they hesitated till death precluded the decision.

As I stood looking on this scene of confusion, TRUTH condescended to ask me what was my business at her office ? I was struck with the unexpected question, and awaked by my efforts to answer it.





NUMB. 106. SATURDAY, March 23, 1751.

*Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicium confirmat.* CIO.

**I**T is necessary to the success of flattery, that it be accommodated to particular circumstances or characters, and enter the heart on that side where the passions stand ready to receive it. A lady seldom listens with attention to any praise but that of her beauty; a trader always expects to hear of his influence at the bank, his importance on the exchange, the height of his credit, and the extent of his traffick; and the author will scarcely be pleased without some lamentations of the neglect of learning, the conspiracies against genius, and the slow progress of merit, or some praises of the disinterestedness and magnanimity of those who encounter poverty and contempt in the cause of knowledge, and trust for the reward of their labours to the judgment and gratitude of posterity.

AN assurance of unfading laurels, and immortal reputation, is the settled reciprocation of civility between amicable writers; to raise

monuments more durable than brass, and more conspicuous than pyramids, has been long the common boast of literature; but among the innumerable architects that erect columns to themselves, far the greatest part, either for want of durable materials, or of art to dispose them, see their edifices perish as they are towering to completion, and those few that for a while attract the eye of mankind, are generally weak in the foundation, and soon sink by the laps of time.

No place affords a more striking conviction of the vanity of human hopes, than a public library; for who can see the wall crowded on every side by mighty volumes, the works of laborious meditation, and accurate enquiry, now scarcely known but by the catalogue, and preserved only to encrease the pomp of learning, without considering how many hours have been wasted in vain endeavours, how often imagination has anticipated the praises of futurity, how many statues have risen to the eye of vanity, how many ideal converts have elevated zeal, how often wit has exulted in the eternal infamy of his antagonists, and dogmatism has delighted in the gradual



gradual advances of his authority, the immutability of his decrees, and the perpetuity of his power?

— *Non unquam dedit  
Documenta fors, majora, quàm fragili loco  
Starent superbi.* —

Of the innumerable authors whose performances are thus treasured up in magnificent obscurity, most are undoubtedly forgotten, because they never deserved to be remembered, and owed the honours which they once obtained, not to judgment or to genius, to labour or to art, but to the prejudice of faction, the stratagems of intrigue, or the servility of adulation.

NOTHING is more common than to find men whose works are now totally neglected, mentioned with praises by their contemporaries, as the oracles of their age, and the legislators of science. Curiosity is naturally excited, their volumes after long enquiry are found, but seldom reward the labour of the search. Every period of time has produced these bubbles of artificial fame, which are  
kept

kept up a while by the breath of fashion, and then break at once and are annihilated. The learned often bewail the loss of ancient writers whose characters have survived their works; but, perhaps, if we could now retrieve them, we should find them only the *Granvilles*, *Montagues*, *Stepneys*, and *Sheffields* of their time, and wonder by what infatuation or caprice they could rise to notice.

It cannot, however, be denied, that many have sunk into oblivion, whom it were unjust to number with this despicable class. Various kinds of literary fame seem destined to various measures of duration. Some spread into exuberance with a very speedy growth, but soon wither and decay; some rise more slowly, but last long. *Parnassus* has its flowers of transient fragrance, as well as its oaks of towering height, and its laurels of eternal verdure.

AMONG those whose reputation is exhausted in a short time by its own luxuriance, are the writers who take advantage of some present incidents and characters which strongly interest the passions, and engage universal

attention. It is not difficult to obtain readers, when we discuss a question which every one is desirous to understand, which is debated in every assembly, and has divided the nation into parties; or when we display the faults or virtues of him, whose public conduct has made almost every man his enemy or his friend. To the quick circulation of such productions all the motives of interest and vanity concur; the disputant enlarges his knowledge, the zealot animates his passion, and every man is desirous to inform himself concerning affairs so vehemently agitated and variously represented.

It is scarcely to be imagined, through how many subordinations of interest, the ardour of party is diffused; and what multitudes fancy themselves affected by every satire or panegyrick on a man of eminence. Whoever has, at any time, taken occasion to mention him with praise or blame, whoever happens to love or hate any of his adherents, is desirous to confirm his opinion, and to strengthen his party, and diligently peruses every paper from which he can hope for sentiments like his own. An object, however small in itself, if placed  
6 near



near to the eye, will engross all the rays of light; and a transaction, however trivial, swells into importance, when it presses immediately on our attention. He that shall peruse the political pamphlets of any past reign, will wonder why they were so generally purchased, so eagerly read, or so loudly praised; many of the performances which had power to inflame factions, and fill a kingdom with confusion, have now very little effect upon a frigid critick, and the time is coming, when the compositions of later hirelings shall lie equally despised and forgotten. In proportion, as those who write on temporary subjects, are exalted above their merit at first, they are afterwards depressed below it; nor can the brightest elegance of diction, or most artful subtilty of reasoning, hope for much esteem from those whose regard is no longer quickened by interest or by pride.

It is, indeed, the fate of controvertists, even when they contend for philosophical or theological truth, to be soon laid aside and slighted. Either the question is decided; and there is no more place for doubt and opposition; or mankind despair of understanding it,



and grow weary of disturbance, content themselves with quiet ignorance, and refuse to be harassed with labours which they have no hopes of recompensing with knowledge.

THE authors of new discoveries may surely expect to be reckoned among those, whose writings are secure of veneration: yet it often happens that the general reception of a doctrine obscures the books in which it was delivered. When any tenet is generally received and adopted as an incontrovertible principle, we seldom look back to the arguments upon which it was first established, or can bear that tediousness of deduction, and multiplicity of evidence, by which its author was forced to reconcile it to prejudice, and fortify it in the weakness of novelty against obstinacy and envy.

It is well known how much of our philosophy is derived from *Boyle's* discovery of the qualities of the air; yet of those who now adopt or enlarge his theory, very few have read the detail of his experiments. His name is, indeed, revered; but his works are neglected; we are contented to know, that he  
conquered

conquered his opponents, without enquiring what cavils were produced against him, or by what proofs they were confuted.

SOME writers apply themselves to studies boundless and inexhaustible, as experiments and natural philosophy. These are always lost in successive compilations, as new advances are made, and former observations become more familiar. Others spend their lives in remarks on language, or explanations of antiquities, and only afford materials for lexicographers and commentators; these are themselves overwhelmed by subsequent collectors, who equally destroy the memory of their predecessors by amplification, transposition, or contraction. Every new system of nature gives birth to a swarm of expositors, whose business is to explain and illustrate it, and who can hope to exist no longer than the founder of their sect preserves his reputation.

THERE are, indeed, few kinds of composition from which an author, however learned or ingenious, can hope a long continuance of fame. He who has carefully studied human

nature, and can well describe it, may with most reason flatter his ambition. *Bacon*, among all his pretensions to the regard of posterity, seems to have pleased himself chiefly with his essays, *which come home to mens business and bosoms*, and of which, therefore, he declares his expectation, that they *will live as long as books last*. It may, however, satisfy an honest and benevolent mind to have been useful, though less conspicuous; nor will he that extends his hopes to higher rewards, be so much anxious to obtain praise, as to discharge the duty which Providence assigns him.





NUMB. 107. TUESDAY, March 26, 1751.

*Alternis igitur contendere versibus ambo  
Cæpore: alternos musæ meminisse volebant.*

VIRG.

**A**MONG the various censures, which the unavoidable comparison of my performances with those of my predecessors has produced, there is none more general than that of uniformity. Many of my readers remark the want of those changes of colours, which formerly fed the attention with unexhausted novelty, and of that intermixture of subjects, or alternation of manner, by which other writers relieved weariness, and awakened expectation.

I HAVE, indeed, hitherto avoided the practice of uniting gay and solemn subjects in the same paper, because it seems absurd for an author to counteract himself, to press at once with equal force upon both parts of the intellectual balance, and give medicines, which, like the double poison of *Dryden*, destroy the force of one another. I have endeavoured sometimes to divert, and some-



times to elevate; but have imagined it an useless attempt to disturb merriment by solemnity, or interrupt seriousness by drollery. Yet I shall this day publish two letters of very different tendency, which, I hope, like tragedy, may chance to please even when they are not critically approved.

To the RAMBLER.

DEAR SIR,

**T**HOUGH, as my mamma tells me, I am too young to talk at the table, I have great pleasure in listening to the conversation of learned men, especially when they discourse of things which I do not understand; and have, therefore, been of late particularly delighted with many disputes about the *alteration of the stile*, which, they say, is to be made by act of parliament.

ONE day, when my mamma was gone out of the room, I asked a very great scholar what the stile was. He told me, he was afraid I should hardly understand him when he informed me, that it was the stated and established method of computing time. It was not, indeed,

indeed, likely that I should understand him ; for I never yet knew time computed in my life, nor can imagine why we should be at so much trouble to count what we cannot keep. He did not tell me whether we are to count the time past, or the time to come ; but I have considered them both by myself, and think it as foolish to count time that is gone, as money that is spent ; and as for the time which is to come, it only seems farther off by counting ; and therefore when any pleasure is promised me, I always think of the time as little as I can.

I HAVE since listened very attentively to every one that talked upon this subject, of whom the greater part seem not to understand it better than myself ; for though they often hint how much the nation has been mistaken, and rejoice that we are at last growing wiser than our ancestors, I have never been able to discover from them, that any body has died sooner or been married later for counting time wrong ; and, therefore, I began to fancy, that there was great bustle with little consequence.

At last two friends of my papa, Mr. *Cycle* and Mr. *Starlight*, being, it seems, both of high learning, and able to make an almanack, began to talk about the new stile. Sweet Mr. *Starlight*—I am sure I shall love his name as long as I live; for he told *Cycle* roundly, with a fierce look, that we should never be right without a *year of confusion*. Dear Mr. RAMBLER, did you ever hear any thing so charming? a whole year of confusion! When there has been a rout at mamma's, I have thought one night of confusion worth a thousand nights of rest; and surely if I can but see a year of confusion, a whole year, of cards in one room, and dancings in another, here a feast, and there a masquerade, and plays, and coaches, and hurries, and messages, and milliners, and raps at the door, and visits, and frolicks, and new fashions, I shall not care what they do with the rest of the time, nor whether they count it by the old stile or the new; for I am resolved to break loose from the nursery in the tumult, and play my part among the rest; and it will be strange if I cannot get a husband and a chariot in the year of confusion.

CYCLE,



CYCLE, who is neither so young nor so handsome as *Starlight*, very gravely maintained, that all the perplexity may be avoided by leaping over eleven days in the reckoning; and indeed, if it should come only to this, I think the new stile is a delightful thing; for my mamma says I shall go to court when I am sixteen, and if they can but contrive often to leap over eleven days together, the months of restraint will soon be at an end. It is strange, that with all the plots that have been laid against time, they could never kill it by act of parliament before. Dear Sir, if you have any vote or interest, get them but for once to destroy eleven months, and then I shall be as old as some married ladies. But this is desired only if you think they will not comply with Mr. *Starlight*'s scheme; for nothing surely could please me like a year of confusion, when I shall no longer be fixed this hour to my pen and the next to my needle, or wait at home for the dancing-master one day, and the next for the musick-master, but run from ball to ball, and from drum to drum; and spend all my time without tasks, and without account, and go out without telling.



telling whither, and come home without regard to prescribed hours, or family-rules.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your humble servant,*

PROPERANTIA.

Mr. RAMBLER,

**I** WAS seized this morning with an unusual pensiveness, and finding that books only served to heighten it, took a ramble into the fields, in hopes of relief and invigoration from the keenness of the air, and brightness of the sun.

As I wandered wrapped up in thought, my eyes were struck with the hospital for the reception of deserted infants, which I surveyed with pleasure, till by a natural train of sentiment, I began to reflect on the fate of the mothers. For to what shelter can they fly? Only to the arms of their betrayer, which perhaps are now no longer open to receive them; and then how quick must be the transition from deluded virtue to shameless guilt, and

and from shameless guilt to hopeless wretchedness?

THE anguish that I felt, left me no rest till had, by your means, addressed myself to the publick on behalf of those forlorn creatures, the women of the town; whose misery here, might satisfy the most rigorous censor, and whose participation of our common nature might purely induce us to endeavour, at least, their preservation from eternal punishment.

THESE were all once, if not virtuous, at least innocent; and might still have continued blameless and easy, but for the arts and insinuations of those whose rank, fortune, or education, furnished them with means to corrupt or to delude them. Let the libertine reflect a moment on the situation of that woman, who being forsaken by her betrayer, is reduced to the necessity of turning prostitute for bread, and judge of the enormity of his guilt by the evils which it produces.

It cannot be doubted but that numbers follow this dreadful course of life, with shame, horror, and regret; but, where can they hope  
for

for refuge? "*The world is not their friend,*  
*"nor the world's law."* Their sighs, and  
 tears, and groans, are criminal in the eye of  
 their tyrants, the bully and the bawd, who  
 fatten on their misery, and threaten them  
 with want or a gaol, if they shew the least  
 design of escaping from their bondage.

"To wipe all tears from off all faces," is  
 a task too hard for mortals; but to alleviate  
 misfortunes is often within the most limited  
 power: yet the opportunities which every  
 day affords of relieving the most wretched of  
 human beings are overlooked and neglected,  
 with equal disregard of policy and goodness.

THERE are places, indeed, set apart, to  
 which these unhappy creatures may resort,  
 when the diseases of incontinence seize upon  
 them; but, if they obtain a cure, to what are  
 they reduced? Either to return with the small  
 remains of beauty to their former guilt, or  
 perish in the streets with nakedness and hun-  
 ger.

How frequently have the gay and thought-  
 less, in their evening frolicks, seen a band of  
 these miserable females, covered with rags,  
 shivering



shivering with cold, and pining with hunger ; and, without either pitying their calamities, or reflecting upon the cruelty of those who perhaps first seduced them by caresses of fondness, or magnificence of promises, go on to reduce others to the same wretchedness by the same means ?

To stop the increase of this deplorable multitude, is undoubtedly the first and most pressing consideration. To prevent evil is the great end of government, the end for which vigilance and severity are properly employed. But surely those whom passion or interest have already depraved, have some claim to compassion, from beings equally frail and fallible with themselves. Nor will they long groan in their present afflictions, if none were to refuse them relief, but who owe their exemption from the same distress only to their wisdom and their virtue.

*I am, &c.*

AMICUS.

NUMB.



NUMB. 108. SATURDAY, March 30, 1751.

*Sapere aude,**Incipe. Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,  
Rusticus expectat dum defluat annus : at ille  
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*

HOR.

**A**N ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, “ that its greater part is covered by the  
“ uninhabitable ocean ; that of the rest some  
“ is encumbered with naked mountains, and  
“ some lost under barren sands ; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost ; so that only a  
“ few regions remain for the production of  
“ fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man.”

THE same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by

by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

OF the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected, that we should be so frugal, as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however streightened by rocks or waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, and inevitable avocations, would yet afford us a large

large space vacant to the exercise of our reason and our virtue; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even think it sparing and insufficient.

THIS natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away; we never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few superfluous moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable, that either by nature or by habit, our understandings are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive, till they are united into masses. Thus we break  
the



the vast periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

THE proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expences, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the pursuit of any study, or the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those



those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance than from violent efforts, and sudden desires; efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

THE disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantick and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient;

cient; and it is only necessary, that whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion, till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of enquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity, than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its chanel.

FROM some cause like this, it has probably proceeded,

proceeded, that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all the obstacles, which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of *Erasmus* was one continual peregrination; ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; he yet found means by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours, which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world, such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he sufficiently discovers, by informing



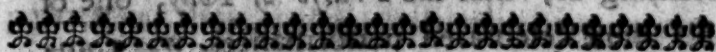
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forming us, that the *Praise of Folly*, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to *Italy*; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo fuit insidendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur*, lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback, should be tattled away without regard to literature.

AN *Italian* philosopher expressed in his motto, that *time was his estate*; an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and generally satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.



NUMB.



NUMB. 109. TUESDAY, April 2, 1751.

*Gratum est, quod patriæ civem, populoque dedisti,  
Si facis ut patriæ sit idoneus, utilis agnis,  
Utilis et bellorum, et pacis rebus agendis.  
Plurimum enim intererit, quibus artibus, et qui-  
bus hunc tu  
Moribus instituas.* JUV.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

**T**HOUGH you seem to have taken a view sufficiently extensive of the miseries of life, and have employed much of your speculation on mournful subjects, you have not yet exhausted the whole stock of human infelicity. There is still a species of wretchedness which escapes your observation, though it might supply you with many sage remarks, and salutary cautions.

I CANNOT but imagine the start of attention awakened by this welcome hint ; and at this instant see the rambler snuffing his candle, rubbing his spectacles, stirring his fire, locking

ing out interruption, and settling himself in his easy chair, that he may enjoy a new calamity without disturbance. For, whether it be, that continued sickness or misfortune has acquainted you only with the bitterness of being; or that you imagine none but yourself able to discover what I suppose has been seen and felt by all the inhabitants of the world: whether you intend your writings as antidotal to the levity and merriment with which your rivals endeavour to attract the favour of the publick; or fancy that you have some particular powers of dolorous declamation, and *warble out your groans* with uncommon elegance or energy; it is certain, that, whatever be your subject, melancholy for the most part bursts in upon your speculation, your gaiety is quickly overcast, and though your readers may be flattered with hopes of pleasantry, they are seldom dismissed but with heavy hearts.

THAT I may therefore gratify you with an imitation of your own syllables of sadness, I will inform you that I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large for-



tune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when satiety of common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents discovered in my first cries such tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness, and the encrease of their estate.

THE abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in play-houses, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their time generally, called in as auxiliaries against the intrusion of thought.

WHEN there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the dejection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority,  
sinks

sinks him to submissiveness. My mamma, therefore, governed the family without controul; and except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or china dish to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction, the servants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

SHE therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendence of her son's education; and when my father, at the instigation of the parson, faintly proposed that I should be sent to school, very positively told him, that she would not suffer so fine a child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar-school that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at the table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave than see me tear my cloaths, and hang down my head, and

sneak about with dirty shoes and blotted fingers, hair unpowdered, and a hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his proposal than to appear wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for, indeed, he had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestick tutor should be procured; and hired an honest gentleman of mean conversation and narrow sentiments, but whom, having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by unlimited reverence, and the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He therefore frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

He



HE had, indeed, no occasion to complain of too burdensome an employment; for my mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and therefore suffered me not to pass any more time in his apartment than my lesson required. When I was summoned to my task, she generally enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was seldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admonished not to lean on my chair, cross my legs, or swing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very seriously deliberated upon his total dismissal, because I began, she said, to learn his manner of sticking on my hat, and had his bend in my shoulders, and his totter in my gait.

SUCH, however, was her care, that I escaped all these depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myself of every appearance of childish diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickness of my replies; and many a scholar five years older than myself have I dashed into confusion by the steadiness

of my countenance, silenced by my readiness of repartee, and tortured with envy by the address with which I picked up a fan, presented a snuff-box, or received an empty tea-cup.

AT thirteen I was so completely skilled in all the niceties of dress, that I could not only enumerate all the variety of silks, and distinguish the product of a *French* loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and observe every deviation from the reigning mode. I was universally skilful in all the changes of expensive finery; but, as they say, every one has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in *Brussels* lace.

THE next year saw me advanced to the trust and power of adjusting the ceremonial of an assembly. Every one received his partner from my hand, and to me every stranger applied for introduction. My heart now disdained the instructions of a tutor, who was rewarded with a small annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myself.

IN

IN a short time I came to *London*, and as my father was well known among the higher classes of life, soon obtained admission to the most splendid assemblies, and most crowded card-tables. Here I found myself universally caressed and applauded: the ladies praised the fancy of my cloaths, the beauty of my form, and the softness of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themselves upon my notice; and invited by a thousand oblique solicitations my attendance to the play-house, and my salutations in the park. I was now happy to the utmost extent of my conception; I passed every morning in dress, every afternoon in visits, and every night in some select assemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were suffered to molest us.

AFTER a few years, however, these delights became familiar, and I had leisure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of satiety, or recreate weariness, by varied amusement; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the sphere of my pleasures, and to try what satisfaction might be



found in the society of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived, that every man, whose name I had heard mentioned with respect, received me with a kind of tenderness nearly bordering on compassion; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their understandings, by treating me with contempt. One of these wittlings elevated his crest, by asking me in a full coffee-house the price of patches; and another whispered, that he wondered why miss *Frisk* did not keep me that afternoon to watch her squirrel.

WHEN I found myself thus hunted from all masculine conversation by those who were themselves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and resolved to dedicate my life to their service and their pleasure. But I find that I have now lost my charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay world, some are married, some have retired, and some have so much changed their opinion, that they scarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties to whom I have made addresses, suffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with  
boys.

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boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either use or dignity to life, are content to pass their hours between their bed and their cards, without esteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I CANNOT but think, Mr. RAMBLER, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy have no right to punish it in the man. Yet I find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt.

I am, &c.

FLORENTULUS.

NUMB. 110. SATURDAY, April 6, 1751.

*At nobis vitæ dominum quærentibus unum  
Lux iter est, et clara dies, et gratia simplex.  
Spem sequimur, gradimurque fide, fruimurque  
futuris,*

*Ad quæ non veniunt præsentis gaudia vitæ,  
Nec currunt pariter capto, et capienda voluptas.*

PRUDENTIUS.

**T**HAT to please the Lord and Father of the universe, is the supreme interest of created and dependent beings, as it is easily proved, has been universally confessed; and since all rational agents are conscious of having neglected or violated those duties which are prescribed to them, the fear of being deserted, rejected, or punished by God, has always burdened and oppressed the human mind. The expiation of crimes, and renovation of the forfeited hopes of divine favour, has therefore constituted a large part of every religion.

THE various methods of propitiation and atonement which fear and folly have dictated, or artifice and interest tolerated in the different parts of the world, however they may sometimes reproach or degrade humanity, at least shew the general consent of all ages and nations in their opinion of the mercy and pliability of the divine nature. That God will forgive, may, indeed, be established as the first and fundamental truth of religion; for though the knowledge of his existence is the origin of philosophy, yet, without the belief of his mercy, it would have very little influence upon our moral conduct. There could be no prospect of enjoying the protection or regard of him, whom the least deviation from rectitude made inexorable for ever; and every man would naturally withdraw his thoughts from the contemplation of a Creator, whom he must consider as a governor too pure to be pleased, and too severe to be pacified; as an enemy infinitely wise, and infinitely powerful, whom he could neither deceive, escape, nor resist.

WHERE there is no hope, there can be no  
E 6                   endeavour.



endeavour. A constant and unfailing obedience is above the reach of terrestrial diligence; and therefore the progress of life could only have been the natural descent of negligent despair from crime to crime, had not the universal persuasion of forgiveness to be obtained by proper means of reconciliation recalled those to the paths of virtue whom their passions had solicited aside; and animated to new attempts, and firmer perseverance, those whom difficulty had discouraged, or negligence surprised.

IN ages and regions so disjoined from each other, that there can scarcely be imagined any communication of sentiments either by commerce or tradition, has prevailed a general and uniform expectation of propitiating God by corporal austerities, of anticipating his vengeance by voluntary inflictions, and appeasing his justice by a speedy and chearful submission to a less penalty when a greater is incurred.

INCORPORATED minds will always feel some inclination towards exterior acts, and ritual observances. Ideas not represented by sensible objects are fleeting, variable, and evanescent.

nescent. We are not able to judge of the degree of conviction which operated at any particular time upon our own thoughts, but as it is recorded by some certain and definite effect. He that reviews his life in order to determine the probability of his acceptance with God, if he could once establish the necessary proportion between crimes and sufferings, might securely rest upon his performance of the expiation; but while safety remains the reward only of mental purity, he is always afraid lest he should decide too soon in his own favour; lest he should not have felt the pangs of true contrition; lest he should mistake satiety for abhorrence, or imagine that his passions are subdued when they are only sleeping.

FROM this natural and reasonable diffidence arose, in humble and timorous piety, a disposition to confound penance with repentance, to repose on human determinations, and to receive from some judicial sentence the stated and regular assignment of reconciliatory pain. We are never willing to be without resource; we seek in the knowledge of others a succour for our own ignorance, and are ready to trust  
any

any that will undertake to direct us when we have no confidence in ourselves.

THIS desire to ascertain by some outward marks the state of the soul, and this willingness to calm the conscience by some settled method, have produced, as they are diversified in their effects by various tempers and principles, most of the disquisitions and rules, the doubts and solutions, that have embarrassed the doctrine of repentance, perplexed tender and flexible minds with innumerable scruples concerning the necessary measures of sorrow, and adequate degrees of self-abhorrence; and these rules corrupted by fraud, or debased by credulity, have, by the common resiliency of the mind from one extreme to another, incited others to an open contempt of all subsidiary ordinances, all prudential caution, and the whole discipline of regulated piety.

REPENTANCE, however difficult to be practised, is, if it be explained without superstition, easily understood. *Repentance is the relinquishment of any practice from the conviction that it has offended God.* Sorrow, and fear, and anxiety, are properly not parts, but adjuncts



juncts of repentance; yet they are so closely connected with it, that they cannot easily be separated; for they not only mark its sincerity but promote its efficacy.

No man commits any act of negligence or obstinacy, by which his present safety or happiness is endangered, without feeling the pungency of remorse. He who is fully convinced, that he suffers by his own failure, can never forbear to trace his miscarriage to its first cause, to image to himself a contrary behaviour, and to form involuntary resolutions against the like fault, even when he knows that he shall never again have the power of committing it. No man finds himself in danger without such trepidations of impatience as leave all human means of safety behind them: he that has once caught an alarm of terror, is every moment seized with useless anxieties, always adding one security to another, trembling with sudden doubts, and distracted by the perpetual occurrence of new expedients. If, therefore, he whose crimes have deprived him of the favour of God, can reflect upon his conduct without disturbance, or can at will banish the reflection; if he who considers him-



himself as suspended over the abyss of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which must soon part by its own weakness, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can cast his eyes round him without shuddering with horror, or panting for security; what can he judge of himself but that he is not yet awaked to sufficient conviction, since every loss is more lamented than the loss of the divine favour, and every danger more dreaded than the danger of final condemnation?

RETIREMENT from the cares and pleasures of the world has been often recommended as useful to repentance. This at least is evident, that every one retires, whenever ratiocination and recollection are required on other occasions: and surely the retrospect of life, the disentanglement of actions complicated with innumerable circumstances, and diffused in various relations, the discovery of the primary movements of the heart, and the extirpation of lusts and appetites deeply rooted, and widely spread, may be allowed to demand some secession from sport and noise, and business and folly. Some suspension of common affairs, some pause of temporal pain and pleasure,

pleasure, is doubtless necessary to him that deliberates for eternity, who is forming the only plan in which miscarriage cannot be repaired, and examining the only question in which mistake cannot be rectified.

AUSTERITIES and mortifications are means by which the mind is invigorated and roused, by which the attractions of pleasure are interrupted, and the chains of sensuality are broken. It is observed by one of the fathers, that *he who restrains himself in the use of things lawful, will never encroach upon things forbidden*. Abstinence, if nothing more, is, at least, a cautious retreat from the utmost verge of permission, and confers that security which cannot be reasonably hoped by him that dares always to hover over the precipice of destruction, or delights to approach the pleasures which he knows it fatal to partake. Austerity is the proper antidote to indulgence; the diseases of mind as well as body are cured by contraries, and to contraries we should readily have recourse, if we dreaded guilt as we dread pain.

THE completion and sum of repentance is  
a change

a change of life. That sorrow which dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our escape, that austerity which fails to rectify our affections, are vain and unavailing. But sorrow and terror must naturally precede reformation; for what other cause can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himself alarmed by his conscience, anxious for the attainment of a better state, and afflicted by the memory of his past faults, may justly conclude, that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of strengthening his conviction, to impress upon his mind such a sense of the divine presence, as may overpower the blandishments of secular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holiness to another, till death shall set him free from misery and temptation.

What better can we do, than prostrate fall  
Before him reverent; and there confess  
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with  
tears

Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs  
the air

Fre-

N<sup>o</sup> 110. The RAMBLER. 91

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in  
sign

Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?



NUMB. III. TUESDAY, April 9, 1751.

Προσεν γὰρ οἱ ταχέως, ἐν ἀσφαλείᾳ.

ΒΟΡΗΟΣ.

**I**T has been observed, by long experience, that late springs produce the greatest plenty. The delay of blooms and fragrance, of verdure and breezes, is for the most part liberally recompens'd by the exuberance and fecundity of the ensuing seasons; the blossoms which lie concealed till the year is advanced, and the sun is high, escape those chilling blasts, and nocturnal frosts, which are often fatal to early luxuriance, prey upon the first smiles of vernal beauty, destroy the feeble principles of vegetable life, intercept the fruit in the gem, and beat down the flowers unopened to the ground.

I AM



I AM afraid there is little hope of persuading the young and sprightly part of my readers, upon whom the spring naturally forces my attention, to learn from the great process of nature, the difference between diligence and hurry, between speed and precipitation; to prosecute their designs with calmness, to watch the concurrence of opportunity, and endeavour to find the lucky moment which they cannot make. Youth is the time of enterprize and hope; having yet had no occasion of comparing our force with any opposing power, we naturally form presumptions in our own favour, and imagine that obstruction and impediment will give way before us. The first repulses rather inflame vehemence than teach prudence; a brave and generous mind is long before it suspects its own weakness, or submits to sap the difficulties which it purposed to subdue by storm, and expected to overbear in the violence of its course. Before disappointments have enforced the dictates of philosophy, we believe it in our power to shorten the interval between the first cause and the last effect; we laugh at the timorous delays of plodding industry, and  
fancy

fancy that by encreasing the fire, we can at pleasure accelerate the projection.

AT our entrance into the world, when health and vigour give us fair promises of time sufficient for the regular maturation of all our schemes, and a long enjoyment of all our acquisitions, we are eager to seize the present moment, to pluck every gratification within our reach without suffering it to ripen into perfection, and to crowd all the varieties of delight into a narrow compass: but age seldom fails to change our conduct; we grow commonly negligent of time in proportion as we have less remaining, and suffer the last part of life to steal from us in languid preparations for some future undertaking, or in slow approaches to some remote advantage, in weak hopes of some fortuitous occurrence, or in drowsy equilibrations of undetermined counsel. Whether it be that the aged, having tasted the pleasures of man's condition, and found them false and delusive, become less anxious for their attainment; or that frequent miscarriages have depressed them to despair, and frozen them to inactivity; or that, like all other objects of terror, death shocks them  
more

more as it advances upon them, and they are afraid of reminding themselves of their decay, or to discover to their own hearts, that the time of trifling is past.

A PERPETUAL conflict with our natural desires seems to be the lot of our present state. In youth we require something of the tardiness and frigidity of age; and in age, we must labour to recal the fire and impetuosity of youth; in youth we must learn to expect, and in age to enjoy.

THE torment of expectation is, indeed, not easily to be born at a time when every idea of gratification fires the blood, and flashes on the fancy; when the heart is vacant to every fresh form of delight, and has no rival engagements to withdraw it from the importunities of a new desire. Yet since the fear of missing what we seek must always be proportionable to the advantage that we expect from possessing it, the passions, even in this tempestuous state, might be somewhat moderated and restrained by frequent inculcation of the mischief of temerity, and the hazard

zard of losing that which we endeavour to seize before our time.

HE that too early aspires to honours, must resolve to encounter not only the opposition of interest, but the malignity of envy. He that is too eager to be rich, generally endangers his fortune in wild adventures, and uncertain projects; and he that hastens too speedily to reputation, often endeavours to support his character by artifices and fallacies, decks himself in colours which quickly fade, or in plumes which accident may shake off, or competition pluck away.

THE uncertainty and danger of early eminence has been extended by some, even to the gifts of nature; and an opinion has been long conceived, that quickness of invention, accuracy of judgment, or extent of knowledge, appearing in an uncommon degree before the usual time, presage a short life. Even those who are less inclined to form general conclusions, from instances which by their own nature must be rare, have yet been inclined to prognosticate no suitable progress from the first sallies of rapid wits; but have observed,



observed, that after a short effort they either loiter or faint, and suffer themselves to be surpassed by the equal and regular perseverance of slower understandings.

It, indeed, frequently happens, that applause abates diligence. He that finds himself to have performed more than was demanded, is contented to spare the labour of unnecessary performances, and sits down to enjoy at ease his superfluities of honour. He whom success has made confident of his abilities, easily allows himself the privilege of negligence, and looks contemptuously on the gradual advances of a rival, whom he imagines himself able to leave behind him whenever he shall again summon his force to the contest. But long intervals of pleasure dissipate attention, and weaken constancy; nor is it easy for him that has sunk from diligence into sloth to rouse out of his lethargy, to recollect his notions, rekindle his curiosity, and engage with his former ardour in the toils of study.

EVEN that friendship which intends the reward of genius, too often tends to obstruct it. The pleasure of being caressed, distinguished,

guished, and admired, easily seduces the student from literary solitude. He is ready to follow the call which summons him to hear his own praise, and which, perhaps, at once flatters appetites with certainty of pleasures, and his ambition with hopes of patronage; pleasures which he conceives inexhaustible, and hopes which he has not yet learned to distrust.

THESE evils, indeed, are by no means to be imputed to nature, or to be considered as inseparable from an early display of uncommon abilities. They may be certainly escaped by prudence and resolution, and must therefore be recounted rather as consolations to those who are less liberally endowed, than as discouragements to such as are born with uncommon qualities. Beauty is well known to draw after it the persecutions of impertinence, to incite the artifices of envy, and to raise the flames of unlawful love; yet among the ladies whom prudence or modesty have made most eminent, who has ever complained of the inconveniencies or the dangers of an amiable form? or who would have purchased safety by the loss of beauty?

NEITHER grace of person, nor vigour of understanding, are to be regarded otherwise than as blessings, as means of happiness indulged by the Supreme Benefactor; but the advantages of either may be lost by too much eagerness to obtain them. A thousand beauties in their first blossom, by an imprudent exposure to the open world, have suddenly withered at the blast of infamy; and men who might have subjected new regions to the empire of learning have been lured by the praise of their first productions from academical retirement, and wasted their days in vice and dependence. The virgin who too soon aspires to celebrity and conquest, perishes by childish vanity, ignorant credulity, or guiltless indiscretion. The genius who catches at laurels and preferment before his time, mocks the hopes that he had excited, and loses those years which might have been most usefully employed, the years of youth, of spirit, and vivacity.

It is one of the innumerable absurdities of pride, that we are never more impatient of direction, than in that part of life when we  
need



N<sup>o</sup> 112. The RAMBLER. 99

need it most; we are in haste to meet enemies whom we have not strength to overcome, and to undertake tasks which we cannot perform; and as he that once miscarries, does not easily persuade mankind to favour or observe another attempt, an ineffectual struggle for fame is often followed by perpetual obscurity.



NUMB. 112. SATURDAY, April 13, 1751.

*In mea vesanas habui dispendia vires,  
Et valui pœnas fortis in ipse meas.* OVID.

**W**E are taught by *Celsus*, that health is best preserved by avoiding settled habits of life, and deviating sometimes into slight aberrations from the strict laws of medicine by varying the proportions of food and exercise, interrupting the successions of rest and labour, and mingling hardships with indulgence. The body, long accustomed to stated quantities, and uniform periods, is soon disordered by the smallest irregularity; and since we cannot exempt ourselves wholly from the



power of accident, nor adjust every day by the balance or barometer, but must sometimes depart from rigid accuracy in compliance with necessary affairs, or strong inclinations, he that too long observes nice punctualities, and condemns himself to voluntary imbecillity, will not long escape the miseries of disease.

THE same laxity of regimen is equally necessary to intellectual health, to a constant enjoyment of gaiety, and perpetual susceptibility of occasional pleasure. He that by long confinement to the same company whom perhaps similitude of taste brought first together, has been accustomed to hear only the echo of his own sentiments, quickly contracts his faculties, and makes a thousand things offensive that are in themselves indifferent; he soon bars all the common avenues of delight, and has no part in the general diversions or gratifications of mankind.

IN things which are not immediately subject to religious or moral consideration, it is dangerous to be too long or too rigidly in the right. Sensibility may, by an incessant attention

tion to elegance and propriety, be quickened to a tenderness inconsistent with the condition of humanity, irritable by the smallest asperity, and vulnerable by the gentlest touch. He that pleases himself too much with minute exactness, and submits to endure nothing in accommodations attendance, or address, below the utmost point of perfection, will, whenever he enters the croud of life, be harassed with innumerable distresses, from which those who have not in the same manner encreased their sensations find no disturbance. His exotick softness will shrink at the coarseness of vulgar felicity, like a plant transplanted to northern nurseries, from the dews and sunshine of the tropical regions.

THERE will always be a wide interval between practical and ideal excellence; and he, therefore, that allows not himself to be satisfied while he can perceive any error or defect, must refer his hopes of ease to some other period of existence. It is well known, that, exposed to a microscope, the smoothest polish of the most solid bodies discovers cavities and prominences; and that the softest bloom of roseate virginity repels the eye with excres-

cences and discolorations. The perceptions as well as the senses may be improved to our own disquiet, and we may, by diligent cultivation of the powers of dislike, raise in time an artificial fastidiousness, which shall fill the imagination with phantoms of turpitude, shew us the naked skeleton of every delight, and present us only with the pains of pleasure, and the deformities of beauty.

PERVISHNESS, indeed, would perhaps very little disturb the peace of mankind, were it always the consequence of superfluous delicacy; for it is the privilege only of deep reflection, or lively fancy, to destroy happiness by art and refinement. But by a continual indulgence of a particular humour, or by a long enjoyment of undisputed superiority, the dull and thoughtless may likewise acquire the power of tormenting themselves and others, and become sufficiently ridiculous or hateful, to those who are within sight of their conduct, or reach of their influence.

THEY that have grown old in a single state are generally found to be morose, fretful, and captious; tenacious of their own practices and  
maxims;



maxims; soon offended by contradiction or negligence; and impatient of any association, but with such as will watch their nod, give up all claim to choice and reason, and submit themselves to unlimited authority. Such is the effect of having lived without the necessity of consulting any inclination but their own.

THE irascibility of this class of tyrants is generally exerted upon petty provocations, such as are incident to understandings not far extended beyond the instincts of animal life; but unhappily he that fixes his attention on things always before him, will never have long cessations of anger. There are many veterans of luxury, upon whom every noon brings a paroxysm of violence, fury, and execration; they never sit down to their dinner without finding the meat so injudiciously bought, or so unskillfully dressed, such blunders in the seasoning, or such improprieties in the sauce, as can scarcely be expiated without blood; and, in the transports of resentment, make very little distinctions between guilt and innocence, but let fly their menaces, or growl out their discontent upon all whom fortune exposes to the storm.



IT is not easy to imagine a more unhappy condition than that of dependence on a peevish man. In every other state of inferiority the certainty of pleasing is perpetually increased by a fuller knowledge of our duty; and kindness and confidence are strengthened by every new act of trust, and proof of fidelity. But peevishness sacrifices to a momentary offence the obsequiousness or usefulness of half a life, and as more is performed encreases her exactions.

CHRYSALUS gained a fortune by trade, and retired into the country; and, having a brother burdened by the number of his children, adopted one of his sons. The boy was dismissed with many prudent admonitions; informed of his father's inability to maintain him in his native rank; cautioned against all opposition to the opinions or precepts of his uncle; and animated to perseverance by the hopes of supporting the honour of the family, and overtopping his elder brother. He had a natural ductility of mind, without much warmth of affection, or elevation of sentiment; and therefore readily complied with every variety of caprice;

caprice; patiently endured contradictory reproofs; heard false accusations without pain, and opprobrious reproaches without reply; laughed obstreperously at the ninetieth repetition of a joke; asked questions about the universal decay of trade; admired the strength of those heads by which the price of stocks is changed and adjusted; and behaved with such prudence and circumspection, that after six years the will was made, and *Juvenculus* was declared heir. But unhappily, a month afterwards, retiring at night from his uncle's chamber, he left the door open behind him: the old man tore his will, and being then perceptibly declining, for want of time to deliberate, left his money to a trading company.

WHEN female minds are imbittered by age or solitude, their malignity is generally exerted in a rigorous and spiteful superintendence of domestic trifles. *Eriphile* has employed her eloquence for twenty years upon the degeneracy of servants, the nastiness of her house, the ruin of her furniture, the difficulty of preserving tapestry from the moths, and the carelessness of the sluts whom she employs in brushing it. It is her business every

morning to visit all the rooms, in hopes of finding a chair without its cover, a window shut or open contrary to her orders, a spot on the hearth, or a feather on the floor, that the rest of the day may be justifiably spent in taunts of contempt, and vociferations of anger. She lives for no other purpose but to preserve the neatness of a house and gardens, and feels ther inclination to pleasure, nor aspiration after virtue, while she is engrossed by the great employment of keeping gravel from grass, and wainscot from dust. Of three amiable nieces she has declared herself an irreconcilable enemy to one, because she broke off a tulip with her hoop; to another, because she spilt her coffee on a turkey carpet; and to the third, because she let a wet dog run into the parlour. She has broken off her intercourse of visits, because company makes a house dirty; and resolves to confine herself more to her own affairs, and to live no longer in mire by foolish lenity and indulgence.

PEEVISHNESS is generally the vice of narrow minds, and, except when it is the effect of anguish and disease, by which the resolution is broken, and the mind made too feeble

to

to bear the lightest addition to its miseries, proceeds from an unreasonable persuasion of the importance of trifles. The proper remedy against it is, to consider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of suffering perturbation and uneasiness from failures unworthy of our notice.

He that resigns his peace to little casualties, and suffers the course of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadvertencies, or trivial offences, delivers up himself to the direction of the wind, and loses all that constancy and equanimity which constitute the chief praise of a wise man.

THE province of prudence lies between the greatest things and the least; some surpass our power by their magnitude, and some escape our notice by their number and their frequency. But the indispensable business of life will afford sufficient exercise to every understanding; and such is the limitation of the human powers, that by attention to trifles we must let things of importance pass unobserved: when we examine a mite with a glass, we see nothing but a mite.



THAT it is every man's interest to be pleased, will need little proof: that it is his interest to please others, experience will inform him. It is therefore not less necessary to happiness than to virtue, that he rid his mind of passions which make him uneasy to himself, and hateful to the world, which enchain his intellects, and obstruct his improvement.



NUMB. 113. TUESDAY, April 16, 1751.

*Uxorem, Posthume, ducis?*  
*Dix, quæ Tisiphont, quibus exagitare colubris?*  
 JUVENALIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Know not whether it is always a proof of Innocence to treat censure with contempt. We owe so much reverence to the wisdom of mankind, as justly to wish, that our own opinion of our merit may be ratified by the concurrence of other suffrages; and since guilt and infamy must have the same effect

fect upon intelligences unable to pierce beyond external appearance, and influenced often rather by example than precept, we are obliged to refute a false charge, lest we should countenance the crime which we have never committed. To turn away from an accusation with supercilious silence, is equally in the power of him that is hardened by villiany, and inspirited by innocence. The wall of brass which *Horace* erects upon a clear conscience, may be sometimes raised by impudence or power; and we should always wish to preserve the dignity of virtue by adorning her with graces which wickedness cannot assume.

FOR this reason I have determined no longer to endure, with either patient or sullen resignation, a reproach, which is, at least in my opinion, unjust; but will lay my case honestly before you, that you or your readers may at length decide it.

WHETHER you will be able to preserve your boasted impartiality, when you hear, that I am considered as an adversary by half the female world, you may surely pardon me for doubting, notwithstanding the veneration to which you may imagine yourself entitled

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titled by your age, your learning, your abstraction, or your virtue. Beauty, Mr. RAMBLER, has often overpowered the resolutions of the firm, and the reasonings of the wise, roused the old to sensibility, and subdued the rigorous to softness.

I AM one of those unhappy beings, who have been marked out as husbands for many different women, and deliberated a hundred times on the brink of matrimony. I have discussed all the nuptial preliminaries so often, that I can repeat the forms in which jointures are settled, pin-money secured, and provisions for younger children ascertained; but am at last doomed by general consent to everlasting solitude, and excluded by an irreversible decree from all hopes of connubial felicity. I am pointed out by every mother, as a man whose visits cannot be admitted without reproach; who raises hopes only to embitter disappointment, and makes offers only to seduce girls into a waste of that part of life, in which they might gain advantageous matches, and become mistresses and mothers.

I HOPE you will think, that some part of this penal severity may justly be remitted,  
when

when I inform you, that I never yet professed love to a woman without sincere intentions of marriage; that I have never continued an appearance of intimacy from the hour that my inclination changed, but to preserve her whom I was leaving from the shock of abruptness, or the ignominy of contempt; that I always endeavoured to give the ladies an opportunity of seeming to discard me; and that I never forsook a mistress for larger fortune, or brighter beauty, but because I discovered some irregularity in her conduct, or some depravity in her mind; not because I was charmed by another, but because I was offended by herself.

I WAS very early tired of that succession of amusements by which the thoughts of most young men are dissipated and enfeebled, and had not long glittered in the splendour of an ample patrimony before I wished for the calm and serenity of domestick happiness. Youth is naturally delighted with sprightliness and ardour, and therefore I breathed out the sighs of my first affection at the feet of the gay, the sparkling, the vivacious *Ferocula*. I fancied to myself a perpetual source of happiness in wit never exhausted, and spirit never depressed;



ed; looked with veneration on her readiness of expedients, contempt of difficulty, assurance of address, and promptitude of reply; considered her as exempt by some prerogative of nature from the weakness and timidity of female minds; and congratulated myself upon a companion superior to all common troubles and embarrassments. I was, indeed, somewhat disturbed by the unshaken perseverance with which she enforced her demands of an unreasonable settlement; but should have consented to pass my life in her arms, had not my curiosity led me to a croud gathered in the street, where I found *Ferocula*, in the presence of hundreds, disputing for six-pence with a chairman. I saw her in so little need of assistance, that it was no breach of the laws of chivalry to forbear interposition, and I spared myself therefore the shame of owning her acquaintance. I forgot some point of ceremony at our next interview, and soon provoked her to forbid me her presence.

My next attempt was upon a lady of great eminence for learning and philosophy. I had frequently observed the barrenness and uniformity of connubial conversation, and therefore

fore thought highly of my own prudence and discernment when I selected from a multitude of wealthy beauties, the deep-read *Misothea*, who declared herself the inexorable enemy of ignorant pertness, and puerile levity; and scarcely condescended to make tea, but for the linguist, the geometrician, the astronomer, or the poet. The queen of the *Amazons* was only to be gained by the hero who could conquer her in single combat; and *Misothea's* heart was only to bless the scholar who could overpower her by disputation. Amidst the fondest transports of courtship she could call for a definition of terms, and treated every argument with contempt that could not be reduced to regular syllogism. You may easily imagine, that I wished this courtship at an end; but when I desired her to shorten my torments, and fix the day of my felicity, we were led into a long conversation, in which *Misothea* endeavoured to demonstrate the folly of attributing choice and self-direction to any human being. It was not difficult to discover the danger of committing myself for ever to the arms of one who might at any time mistake the dictates of passion, or the calls of appetite, for the decree of fate; or

consider

consider cuckoldom as necessary to the general system, as a link in the everlasting chain of successive causes. I therefore told her, that destiny had ordained us to part; and that nothing should have torn me from her but the talons of necessity.

I THEN solicited the regard of the calm, the prudent, the oeconomical *Sophronia*, a lady who considered wit as dangerous, and learning as superfluous; and thought that the woman who kept her house clean, and her accounts exact, took receipts for every payment, and could find them at a sudden call, enquired nicely after the condition of the tenants, read the price of stocks once a week, and purchased every thing at the best market, could want no accomplishments necessary to the happiness of a wise man. She discoursed with great solemnity on the care and vigilance which the superintendance of a family demands; observed how many were ruined by confidence in servants; and told me, that she never expected honesty but from a strong chest, and that the best storekeeper was the mistress's eye. Many such oracles of generosity she uttered, and made every day new improve-

improvements in her schemes for the regulation of her servants, and the distribution of her time. I was convinced, that whatever I might suffer from *Sophronia*, I should escape poverty; and we therefore proceeded to adjust the settlements according to her own rule, *fair and softly*. But one morning her maid came to me in tears to intreat my interest for a reconciliation to her mistress, who had turned her out at night for breaking six teeth in a tortoise-shell comb: she had attended her lady from a distant province, and having not lived long enough to save much money, was destitute among strangers, and though of a good family, in danger of perishing in the streets, or of being compelled by hunger to prostitution. I made no scruple of promising to restore her; but upon my first application to *Sophronia* was answered with an air which called for approbation, that if she neglected her own affairs, I might suspect her of neglecting mine; that the comb stood her in three half-crowns; that no servant should wrong her twice; and that indeed, she took the first opportunity of parting with *Phyllida*, because, though she was honest, her constitution was bad, and she thought her very likely to fall sick. Of our con-



conference I need not tell you the effect ; it surely may be forgiven me, if on this occasion I forgot the decency of common forms.

FROM two more ladies I was disengaged by finding, that they entertained my rivals at the same time, and determined their choice by the liberality of our settlements. Another I thought myself justified in forsaking, because she gave my attorney a bribe to favour her in the bargain ; another, because I could never soften her to tenderness, till she heard that most of my family had died young ; and another, because to encrease her fortune by expectations, she represented her sister as languishing and consumptive.

I SHALL in another letter give the remaining part of my history of courtship. I presume that I should hitherto have injured the majesty of female virtue, had I not hoped to transfer my affection to higher merit.

*I am, &c.*

HYMENÆUS.

NUMB.



NUMB. 114. SATURDAY, April 20, 1751.

*Audi,*

*Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.* Juv.

**P**OWER and superiority are so flattering and delightful, that, fraught with temptation and exposed to danger as they are, scarcely any virtue is so cautious, or any prudence so timorous, as to decline them. Even those that have most reverence for the laws of right, are pleased with shewing that not fear, but choice, regulates their behaviour; and would be thought to comply, rather than obey. We love to overlook the boundaries which we do not wish to pass; and, as the *Roman* satirist remarks, he that has no design to take the life of another, is yet glad to have it in his hands.

FROM the same principle, tending yet more to degeneracy and corruption, proceeds the desire of investing lawful authority with terror, and governing by force rather than persuasion. Pride is unwilling to believe the necessity

necessity of assigning any other reason than her own will; and would rather maintain the most equitable claims by violence and penalties, than descend from the dignity of command to dispute and expostulation.

It may, I think, be suspected, that this political pride has sometimes found its way into legislative assemblies, and mingled with deliberations upon property and life. A slight perusal of the laws by which the measures of vindictive and coercive justice are established, will discover so many disproportions between crimes and punishments, such capricious distinctions of guilt, and such confusion of remissness and severity, as can scarcely be believed to have been produced by publick wisdom, sincerely and calmly studious of publick happiness.

THE learned, the judicious, the pious *Boerhaave* relates, that he never saw a criminal dragged to execution without asking himself, "Who knows whether this man is not less culpable than me?" On the days when the prisons of this city are emptied into the grave, let every spectator of the dreadful



ful procession put the same question to his own heart. How few among these that croud in thousands to the legal massacre, and look with carelessness, perhaps with triumph, on the utmost exacerbations of human misery; would then be able to return without horror and dejection? For, who can congratulate himself upon a life passed without some act more mischievous to the peace or prosperity of others, than the theft of a piece of money?

It has been always the practice, when any particular species of robbery becomes prevalent and common, to endeavour its suppression by capital denunciations. Thus, one generation of malefactors is commonly cut off, and their successors are frightened into new expedients; the art of thievery is augmented with greater variety of fraud, and subtilized to higher degrees of dexterity, and more occult methods of conveyance. The law then renews the pursuit in the heat of anger, and overtakes the offender again with death. By this practice, capital inflictions are multiplied, and crimes very different in their degrees of enormity are equally subjected to the severest punish-



punishment that man has the power of exercising upon man.

THE lawgiver is undoubtedly allowed to estimate the malignity of an offence, not merely by the loss or pain which single acts may produce, but by the general alarm and anxiety arising from the fear of mischief, and insecurity of possession: he therefore exercises the right which societies are supposed to have over the lives of those that compose them, not simply to punish a transgression, but to maintain order, and preserve quiet; he enforces those laws with severity that are most in danger of violation, as the commander of a garrison doubles the guard on that side which is threatened by the enemy.

THIS method has been long tried, but tried with so little success, that rapine and violence are hourly encreasing; yet few seem willing to despair of its efficacy, and of those who employ their speculations upon the present corruption of the people, some propose the introduction of more horrid, lingering, and terriffick punishments; some are inclined to accelerate

accelerate the executions ; some to discourage pardons ; and all seem to think that lenity has given confidence to wickedness, and that we can only be rescued from the talons of robbery by inflexible rigour, and sanguinary justice.

YET since the right of setting an uncertain and arbitrary value upon life has been disputed, and since experience of past times gives us little reason to hope that any reformation will be effected by a periodical havock of our fellow beings, perhaps it will not be useless to consider what consequences might arise from relaxations of the law, and a more rational and equitable proportion of penalties to offences.

DEATH is, as one of the ancients observes, τὸ τῶν φοβερῶν φοβερώτατον, *of dreadful things the most dreadful*; an evil, beyond which, nothing can be threatened by sublunary power, or feared from human enmity or vengeance.

This terror should, therefore, be reserved as the last resort of authority, as the strongest and most operative of prohibitory sanctions, and placed before the treasure of life, to guard from invasion what cannot be restored. To

equal robbery with murder is to reduce murder to robbery, to confound in common minds the gradations of injury, and incite the commission of a greater crime, to prevent the detection of a less. If only murder were punished with death, very few robbers would stain their hands in blood; but when, by the last act of cruelty no new danger is incurred, and greater security may probably be obtained, upon what principle shall we bid them forbear?

It may be urged, that the sentence is often mitigated to simple robbery; but surely this is to confess, that our laws are unreasonable in our own opinion; and, indeed, it may be observed, that all but murderers have, at their last hour, the common sensations of mankind pleading in their favour.

FROM this conviction of the inequality of the punishments to the offence proceeds the frequent solicitation of pardons. They who would rejoice at the correction of a thief, are yet shocked at the thought of destroying him. His crime shrinks to nothing compared, with his

his misery; and severity defeats itself by exciting pity.

THE gibbet, indeed, certainly disables those who die upon it from infesting the community; but their death seems not to contribute more to the reformation of their associates than any other method of separation. A thief seldom passes much of his time in recollection or anticipation, but from robbery hastens to riot, and from riot to robbery; nor, when the grave closes upon his companion, has any other care than to find another.

THE frequency of capital punishments therefore rarely hinders the commission of a crime, but naturally and commonly prevents its detection, and is, if we reason only upon prudential principles, chiefly for that reason to be avoided. Whatever may be urged by casuists or politicians, the greater part of mankind, as they can never think, that to pick the pocket, and to pierce the heart, is equally criminal, will scarcely believe, that two malefactors so different in guilt can be justly doomed to the same punishment; nor is the neces-



sity of submitting the conscience to human laws so plainly evinced, so clearly stated, or so generally allowed, but that the pious, the tender, and the just, will always scruple to concur with the community in an act which their private judgment cannot approve.

HE who knows not how often rigorous laws produce total impunity, and how many crimes are concealed and forgotten for fear of hurrying the offender to that state in which there is no repentance, has conversed very little with mankind. And whatever epithets of reproach or contempt this compassion may incur from those who confound cruelty with firmness, I know not whether any wise man would wish it less powerful, or less extensive.

IF those whom the wisdom of our laws has condemned to die, had been detected in their rudiments of robbery, they might by proper discipline, and useful labour, have been disentangled from their habits, and by escaping all the temptations to subsequent crimes, have passed their days in reparation, and penitence; and detected they might all have been, had the prosecutors been certain, that their lives  
would

would have been spared. I believe, every thief will confess, that he has been more than once seized and dismissed; and that he has sometimes ventured upon capital crimes, because he knew, that those whom he injured would rather connive at his escape, than cloud their minds with the horrors of his death.

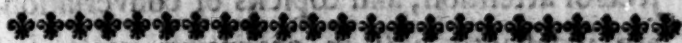
ALL laws against crimes are ineffectual, unless some will inform, and some will prosecute; but till we mitigate the penalties for mere violations of property, information will always be hated, and prosecution dreaded. The heart of a good man cannot but recoil at the thought of punishing a slight injury with death; especially when he remembers, that the thief might have procured safety by another crime, from which he was restrained only by his remaining virtue.

THE obligations to assist the exercise of publick justice are indeed strong; but they will certainly be overpowered by tenderness for life. What is punished with severity contrary to our ideas of adequate retribution, will be seldom discovered; and multitudes will be suffered to advance from crime to crime, till

they deserve death, because if they had been early prosecuted, they would have suffered death before they deserved it.

THIS scheme of invigorating the laws by relaxation, and extirpating wickedness by lenity, is so remote from common practice, that I might reasonably fear to expose it to the publick, could it be supported only by my own observations: I shall, therefore, by ascribing it to its author, Sir *Thomas More*, endeavour to procure it that attention, which I wish always paid to prudence, to justice, and to mercy.





NUMB. 115. TUESDAY, April 23, 1751.

*Quedam parva quidem, sed non toleranda  
maritis.* JUV.

To the RAMBLER.

S I R,

**I** Sit down in pursuance of my late engagement to recount the remaining part of the adventures that befel me in my long quest of conjugal felicity, which, though I have not yet been so happy as to obtain it, I have at least endeavoured to deserve by unwearied diligence, without suffering from repeated disappointments any abatement of my hope or repression of my activity.

You must have observed in the world a species of mortals who employ themselves in promoting matrimony, and without any visible motive of interest or vanity, without any discoverable impulse of malice or benevolence,



without any reason, but that they want objects of attention, and topicks of conversation, are incessantly busy in procuring wives and husbands, fill the ears of every single man and woman with some convenient match, and when they are informed of your age and fortune, offer a partner of life with the same readiness, and the same indifference, as a salesman, when he has taken measure by his eye, fits his customer with a coat.

It might be expected that they should soon be discouraged from this officious interposition by resentment or contempt; and that every man should determine the choice on which so much of his happiness must depend, by his own judgment and observation: yet it happens, that as these proposals are generally made with a shew of kindness, they seldom provoke anger, but are at worst heard with patience, and forgotten. They influence weak minds to approbation; for many are sure to find in a new acquaintance, whatever qualities report has taught them to expect; and in more powerful and active understandings they excite curiosity, and sometimes by a lucky chance

chance bring persons of similar tempers within the attraction of each other.

I WAS known to possess a fortune, and to want a wife; and therefore was frequently attended by these hymeneal solicitors, with whose importunity I was sometimes diverted, and sometimes perplexed; for they contended for me as vulturs for a carcase; each employed all his eloquence, and all his artifices, to enforce and promote his own scheme, from the success of which he was to receive no other advantage than the pleasure of defeating others equally eager, and equally industrious.

AN invitation to sup with one of those busy friends, made me by a concerted chance acquainted with *Camilla*, by whom it was expected, that I should be suddenly and irresistibly enslaved. The lady, whom the same kindness had brought without her own concurrence into the lists of love, seemed to think me at least worthy of the honour of captivity; and exerted the power, both of her eyes and wit, with so much art and spirit, that though I had been too often deceived by appearances to devote myself irrevocably at the first inter-

view, yet I could not suppress some raptures of admiration, and flutters of desire. I was easily persuaded to make nearer approaches; but soon discovered, that an union with *Camilla* was not much to be wished. *Camilla* professed a boundless contempt for the folly, levity, ignorance, and impertinence of her own sex; and very frequently expressed her wonder, that men of learning or experience could submit to trifle away life, with beings incapable of solid thought. In mixed companies, she always associated with the men, and declared her satisfaction when the ladies retired. If any short excursion into the country was proposed, she commonly insisted upon the exclusion of women from the party; because, where they were admitted, the time was wasted in frothy compliments, weak indulgences, and idle ceremonies. To shew the greatness of her mind, she avoided all compliance with the fashion; and to boast the profundity of her knowledge, mistook the various textures of silk, confounded tabbies with damasks, and sent for ribbands by wrong names. She despised the commerce of stated visits, a farce of empty form without instruction; and congratulated herself, that she never learned

learned the low stile of message-cards. She often applauded the noble sentiment of *Plato*, who rejoiced that he was born a man rather than a woman; proclaimed her approbation of *Swift's* opinion, that women are only a higher species of monkeys; and confessed, that when she considered the behaviour, or heard the conversation, of her sex, she could not but forgive the *Turks* for suspecting them to want souls.

It was the joy and pride of *Camilla* to have provoked, by this insolence, all the rage of hatred, and all the persecutions of calumny; nor was she ever more elevated with her own superiority, than when she talked of female anger, and female cunning. Well, says she, has nature provided that such virulence should be disabled by folly, and such cruelty be restrained by impotence.

CAMILLA doubtless expected, that what she lost on one side, she should gain on the other; and imagined that every male heart would be open to a lady, who made such generous advances to the borders of virility. But man, ungrateful man, instead of springing forward to meet her, shrunk back at her approach.



proach. She was persecuted by the ladies as a deserter, and at best received by the men only as a fugitive. I, for my part, amused myself a while with her fopperies, but novelty soon gave way to detestation, for nothing out of the common order of nature can be long borne. I had no inclination to a wife who had the ruggedness of man without his force, and the ignorance of woman without her softness; nor could I think it my quiet and honour to be trusted to such audacious virtue as was hourly courting danger, and soliciting assault.

My next mistress was *Nitella*, a lady of gentle mien, and soft voice, always speaking to approve, and ready to receive direction from those with whom chance had brought her into company. In *Nitella* I promised myself an easy friend, with whom I might loiter away the day without disturbance or altercation. I therefore soon resolved to address her, but was discouraged from prosecuting my courtship by observing, that her apartments were superstitiously regular; and that, unless she had notice of my visit, she was never to be seen. There is a kind of anxious cleanliness which I have always noted as the characteristick of a flattern;

flattern; it is the superfluous scrupulosity of guilt, dreading discovery, and shunning suspicion: it is the violence of an effort against habit, which, being impelled by external motives, cannot stop at the middle point.

NITELLA was always tricked out rather with nicety than with elegance; and seldom could forbear to discover by her uneasiness and constraint, that her attention was burdened, and her imagination engrossed: I therefore concluded, that being only occasionally and ambitiously dressed, she was not familiarized to her own ornaments. There are so many competitors for the fame of cleanliness, that it is not hard to gain information of those that fail, from those that desire to excel: I quickly found, that *Nitella* passed her time between finery and dirt; and was always in a wrapper, night-cap, and slippers, when she was not decorated for immediate shew.

I WAS then led by my evil destiny to *Charybdis*, who never neglected an opportunity of seizing a new prey when it came within her reach. I thought myself quickly made happy by a permission to attend her to publick places; and pleased my own vanity with  
 imagining

imagining the envy which I should raise in a thousand hearts, by appearing as the acknowledged favourite of *Charybdis*. She soon after hinted her intention to take a ramble for a fortnight, into a part of the kingdom which she had never seen. I solicited the happiness of accompanying her, which, after a short reluctance, was indulged me. She had no other curiosity in her journey, than after all possible means of expence; and was every moment taking occasion to mention some delicacy, which I knew it my duty upon such notices to procure.

AFTER our return, being now more familiar, she told me, whenever we met, of some new diversion; at night she had always notice of a charming company that would breakfast in the gardens; and in the morning she had been informed of some new song in the opera, some new dress at the play-house, or some performer at a concert whom she longed to hear. Her intelligence was such, that there never was a shew, to which she did not summon me on the second day; and as she hated a croud, and could not go alone, I was obliged to attend at some intermediate hour,  
and

and pay the price of a whole company. When we passed the streets, she was often charmed with some trinket in the toy-shops; and from moderate desires of seals and snuff-boxes, rose, by degrees, to gold and diamonds. I now began to find the smile of *Charybdis* too costly for a private purse, and added one more to six and forty lovers, whose fortune and patience her rapacity had exhausted.

IMPERIA then took possession of my affections; but kept them only for a short time. She had newly inherited a large fortune, and, having spent the early part of her life in the perusal of romances, brought with her into the gay world all the pride of *Cleopatra*; expected nothing less than vows, altars, and sacrifices; and thought her charms dishonoured, and her power infringed, by the softest opposition to her sentiments, or the smallest transgression of her commands. Time might indeed cure this species of pride in a mind not naturally undiscerning, and vitiated only by false representations; but the operations of time are slow; and I therefore left her to grow wise at leisure, or to continue in error at her own expence.

THUS



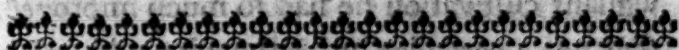
THUS I have hitherto, in spite of myself, passed my life in frozen celibacy. My friends, indeed, often tell me, that I flatter my imagination with higher hopes than human nature can gratify; that I dress up an ideal charmer in all the radiance of perfection, and then enter the world to look for the same excellence in corporeal beauty. But surely, Mr. RAMBLER, it is not madness to hope for some terrestrial lady unstained with the spots which I have been describing; at least, I am resolved to pursue my search; for I am so far from thinking meanly of marriage, that I believe it able to afford the highest happiness decreed to our present state; and if after all these miscarriages I find a woman that fills up my expectation, you shall hear once more from

*Yours, &c.*

**HYMENÆUS.**



**NUMB.**



NUMB. 116. SATURDAY, April 27, 1751.

*Optat ephippia bos piger; optat arare caballus.*

HOR.

*To the RAMBLER.*

S I R,

I Was the second son of a country gentleman by the daughter of a wealthy citizen of *London*. My father, having by his marriage freed the estate from a heavy mortgage, and paid his sisters their portions, thought himself discharged from all obligation to farther thought, and entitled to spend the rest of his life in rural pleasures. He therefore spared nothing that might contribute to the completion of his felicity; he procured the best guns and horses that the kingdom could supply, paid large salaries to his groom and huntsman, and became the envy of the county for the discipline of his hounds. But above all his other attainments, he was eminent for a breed of pointers

pointers and setting dogs, which by long and vigilant cultivation he had so much improved, that not a partridge or heathcock could rest in security, and game of whatever species that dared to light upon his manor, was beaten down by his shot, or covered with his nets.

My elder brother was very early initiated in the chase, and at an age when other boys are *creeping like snails unwillingly to school*, he could wind the horn, beat the bushes, bound over hedges, and swim rivers. When the huntsman one day broke his leg, he supplied his place with equal abilities, and came home with the scut in his hat, amidst the acclamations of the whole village. I being either delicate, or timorous, less desirous of honour, or less capable of sylvan heroism, was always the favourite of my mother ; because I kept my coat clean, and my complexion free from freckles, and did not come home like my brother mired and tanned, nor carry corn in my hat to the horse, nor bring dirty curs into the parlour.

My mother had not been taught to amuse herself with books, and being much inclined to

to despise the ignorance and barbarity of the country ladies, disdained to learn their sentiments or conversation, and had made no addition to the notions which she had brought from the precincts of *Cornhill*. She was, therefore, always recounting the glories of the city; enumerating the succession of mayors; celebrating the magnificence of the banquets at *Guildhall*; and relating the civilities paid her at the companies feasts by men, of whom some are now made aldermen, some have fined for sheriffs, and none are worth less than forty thousand pounds. She frequently displayed her father's greatness; told of the large bills which he had paid at sight; of the sums for which his word would pass upon the exchange; the heaps of gold which he used on *Saturday* night to toss about with a shovel; the extent of his warehouse, and the strength of his doors; and when she relaxed her imagination with lower subjects, described the furniture of their country-house, or repeated the wit of the clerks and porters.

By these narratives I was fired with the splendor and dignity of *London*, and of trade. I therefore devoted myself to a shop, and warmed



warmed my imagination from year to year with enquiries about the privileges of a freeman, the power of the common council, the dignity of a wholesale dealer, and the grandeur of mayoralty, to which my mother assured me that many had arrived who began the world with less than myself.

I WAS very impatient to enter into a path, which led to such honour and felicity; but was forced for a time to endure some repression of my eagerness, for it was my grandfather's maxim, that *a young man seldom makes much money, who is out of his time before two-and-twenty*. They thought it necessary, therefore, to keep me at home till the proper age, without any other employment than that of learning merchants accounts, and the art of regulating books; but at length the tedious days elapsed, I was transplanted to town, and, with great satisfaction to myself, bound to a haberdasher.

My master, who had no conception of any virtue, merit, or dignity, but that of being rich, had all the good qualities which naturally arise from a close and unwearied attention to the

the

N<sup>o</sup> 116. The RAMBLER. 141

the main chance: his desire to gain wealth was so well tempered by the vanity of shewing it, that without any other principle of action, he lived in the esteem of the whole commercial world; and was always treated with respect by the only men, whose good opinion he valued or solicited, those who were universally allowed to be richer than himself.

By his instructions I learned in a few weeks to handle a yard with great dexterity, to wind tape neatly upon the ends of my fingers, and to make up parcels with exact frugality of paper and packthread; and soon caught from my fellow apprentices, the true grace of a counter bow, the careless air with which a small pair of scales is to be held between the fingers, and the vigour and sprightliness with which the box, after the ribband has been cut, is returned into its place. Having no desire of any higher employment, and, therefore, applying all my powers to the knowledge of my trade, I was quickly master of all that could be known, became a critick in small wares, contrived new variations of figures, and new mixtures of colours, and was some-

sometimes consulted by the weavers when they projected fashions for the ensuing spring.

WITH all these accomplishments, in the fourth year of my apprenticeship, I paid a visit to my friends in the country, where I expected to be received as a new ornament of the family, and consulted by the neighbouring gentlemen as a master of pecuniary knowledge, and by the ladies as an oracle of the mode. But unhappily at the first publick table to which I was invited, appeared a student of the temple, and an officer of the guards, who looked upon me with a smile of contempt, which destroyed at once all my hopes of distinction, so that I durst hardly raise my eyes for fear of encountering their superiority of mien. Nor was my courage revived by any opportunities of displaying my knowledge; for the templar entertained the company for part of the day with historical narratives, and political observations; and the colonel afterwards detailed the adventures of a birth-night, told the claims and expectations of the courtiers, and gave an account of assemblies, gardens, and diversions. I, indeed, essayed to fill up a pause in a parliamentary debate with a faint mention of trade,  
and

and *Spaniards*; and once attempted with some wramth, to correct a gross mistake about a silver breast-knot; but neither of my antagonists seemed to think a reply necessary; they resumed their discourse without emotion, and again engrossed the attention of the company; nor did one of the ladies appear desirous to know my opinion of her dress, or to hear how long the carnation shot with white that was then new amongst them had been antiquated in town.

As I knew that neither of these gentlemen had more money than myself, I could not discover what had depressed me in their presence; nor why they were considered by others as more worthy of attention and respect; and therefore resolved, when we met again, to rouse my spirit, and force myself into notice. I went very early to the following weekly meeting, and was entertaining a small circle very successfully with a minute representation of my lord mayor's shew, when the colonel entered careless and gay, sat down with a kind of unceremonious civility, and without appearing to intend any interruption, drew my audience away to the other  
part



part of the room, to which I had not the courage to follow them. Soon after came in the lawyer, not indeed with the same attraction of mien, but with greater powers of language ; and by one or other the company was so happily amused, that I was neither heard nor seen, nor was able to give any other proof of my existence than that I put round the glass, and was in my turn permitted to name the toast.

My mother indeed endeavoured to comfort me in my vexation, by telling me, that perhaps these showy talkers were hardly able to pay every one his own ; that he who has money in his pocket needs not care what any man says of him ; that, if I minded my trade, the time would come when lawyers and soldiers would be glad to borrow out of my purse ; and that it is fine, when a man can set his hands to his sides, and say he is worth forty thousand pounds every day of the year. These, and many more such consolations and encouragements, I received from my good mother, which however did not much allay my uneasiness ; for, having by some accident heard, that the country ladies despised her as a  
 6 cit,

cit, I had therefore no longer much reverence for her opinions, but considered her as one whose ignorance and prejudice had hurried me, though without ill intentions, into a state of meanness and ignominy, from which I could not find any possibility of rising to the rank which my ancestors had always held.

I RETURNED, however, to my master, and busied myself among thread, and silk, and laces, but without my former chearfulness or alacrity. I had now no longer any felicity in contemplating the exact disposition of my powdered curls, the equal plaits of my ruffles, or the glossy blackness of my shoes; nor heard with my former elevation those compliments which ladies sometimes condescended to pay me upon my readiness in twisting a paper, or counting out the change. The term of *Young man*, with which I was sometimes honoured as I carried a parcel to the door of a coach, tortured my imagination; I grew negligent of my person, and sullen in my temper, often mistook the demands of the customers, treated their caprices and objections with contempt, and received and dismissed them with surly silence.

My master was afraid lest the shop should suffer by this change of my behaviour, and, therefore, after some expostulations, posted me in the warehouse, and preserved me from the danger and reproach of desertion, to which my discontent would certainly have urged me, had I continued any longer behind the counter.

In the sixth year of my servitude my brother died of drunken joy, for having run down a fox that had baffled all the packs in the province. I was now heir, and with the hearty consent of my master commenced gentleman. The adventures in which my new character engaged me shall be communicated in another letter, by, Sir,

*Yours, &c.*

MISOCAPELUS.



NUMB. 117. TUESDAY, April 30, 1751.

Ὅσσαν ἐπ' Οὐλόμῳ μέμασαν | θέμεν αὐτὰρ ἐπ'

Ὅσαν  
Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον, ἵν' ἕρανός ἀμβάτος εἴη.

HOM.

To the RAMBLER.

S I R,

**N**OTHING has more retarded the advancement of learning than the disposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend. All industry must be excited by hope; and as the student often proposes no other reward to himself than praise, he is easily discouraged by contempt and insult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of recluse speculation, and has never hardened his front in publick life, nor accustomed his passions to the vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed conversation, will blush at the state of petulant incredulity, and suffer himself to be driven, by a burst of laughter, from the fortresses of demonstration. The mechanist will be afraid to assert before hardy contradiction, the possibility of tearing down



bulwarks with a silk-worm's thread; and the astronomer of relating the rapidity of light, the distance of the fixed stars, and the height of the lunar mountains.

If I could by any efforts have shaken off this cowardice, I had not sheltered myself under a borrowed name, nor applied to you for the means of communicating to the public the theory of a garret; a subject which, except some slight and transient strictures, has been hitherto neglected by those who were best qualified to adorn it, either for want of leisure to prosecute the various researches in which a nice discussion must necessarily engage them, or because it requires such diversity of knowledge, and such extent of curiosity, as is scarcely to be found in any single intellect; or perhaps others, having more sagacity than myself, foresaw the tumults which would be raised against them, and considering that it was vain to write what they durst not publish, confined their knowledge to their own breasts, and abandoned prejudice and folly to the direction of chance.

THAT the professors of literature generally  
reside

reside in the highest stories, has been immemorially observed. The wisdom of the ancients was well acquainted with the intellectual advantages of an elevated situation: why else were the *Muses* stationed on *Olympus* or *Parnassus* by those who could with equal right have raised them bowers in the vale of *Tempe*, or erected their altars among the flexures of *Meander*? Why was *Jove* himself nursed upon a mountain? or why did the goddesses, when the prize of beauty was contested, try the cause upon the top of *Ida*? Such were the fictions by which the great masters of the earlier ages endeavoured to inculcate to posterity the importance of a garret, which, though they had been long obscured by the negligence and ignorance of succeeding times, were well enforced by the celebrated symbol of *Pythagoras*, ἀνεμῶν πνεύοντων τὴν ἡχὴν προσκύνει; “when  
“ the wind blows, worship its echo.” This could not but be understood by his disciples as an inviolable injunction to live in a garret, which I have found frequently visited by the echo and the wind. Nor was the tradition wholly obliterated in the age of *Augustus*, for *Tibullus* evidently congratulates him-

self upon his garret, not without some allusion to the *Pythagorean* precept.

*Quàm juvat immites ventos audire cubantem—  
Aut, gelidas hybernus aquas cùm fuderit auster,  
Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi!*

And it is impossible not to discover the fondness of *Lucretius*, an earlier writer, for a garret, in his description of the lofty towers of serene learning, and of the pleasure with which a wise man looks down upon the confused and erratic state of the world moving below him.

*Sed nil dulcius est, bene quàm munita tenere  
Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena;  
Despicere unde queas alios, passimq; videre  
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.*

THE institution has, indeed, continued to our own time; the garret is still the usual receptacle of the philosopher and poet; but this, like many ancient customs, is perpetuated only by an accidental imitation, without knowledge of the original reason for which it was established. *Causa latet; res est notissima.* Conjectures have, indeed, been advanced concerning these habitations of literature, but without

without much satisfaction to the judicious enquirer. Some have imagined, that the garret is generally chosen by the wits; as most easily rented; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aerial abode, but on the days of payment. Others suspect, that a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat, and repeat the same sounds every morning, and sometimes again in the afternoon, without any variation, except that they grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferations. This eternal monotony is always detestable to a man whose chief pleasure is to enlarge his knowledge, and vary his ideas. Others talk of freedom from noise, and abstraction from common business or amusements; and some, yet more visionary, tell us that the faculties are enlarged by open prospects, and that the fancy is more at liberty, when the eye ranges without confinement.

THESE conveniencies may perhaps all be found in a well chosen garret; but surely they



cannot be supposed sufficiently important to have operated unvariably upon different climates, distant ages, and separate nations. Of an universal practice, there must still be presumed an universal cause, which, however recondite and abstruse, may be perhaps reserved to make me illustrious by its discovery, and you by its promulgation.

It is universally known, that the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body, and that the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient element. The effects of the air in the production or cure of corporal maladies have been acknowledged from the time of *Hippocrates*; but no man has yet sufficiently considered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords instances of local understanding, of wits and reasoners, whose faculties are adapted to some single spot, and who, when they are removed to any other place sink at once into silence and stupidity. I have discovered by a long series of observations, that invention and elocution suffer great impediments from dense and impure vapours, and that

that the tenuity of a defecated air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth, accelerates the fancy, and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere. I have found dulness to quicken into sentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver partly exhausted; and heads in appearance empty have teemed with notions upon rising ground, as the flaccid sides of a football would have swelled out into stiffness and extension.

FOR this reason I never think myself qualified to judge decisively of any man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of rarefaction and condensation, tension and laxity. If he is neither vivacious aloft, nor serious below, I then consider him as hopeless; but as it seldom happens, that I do not find the temper to which the texture of his brain is fitted, I accommodate him in time with a tube of mercury, first marking the point most favour-

able to his intellects, according to rules which I have long studied, and which I may, perhaps, reveal to mankind in a complete treatise of barometrical pneumatology.

ANOTHER cause of the gaiety and sprightliness of the dwellers in garrets is probably the encrease of that vertiginous motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer, than that he who towers to the fifth story, is whirled through more space by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the ground-floor. The nations between the tropicks, are known to be fiery, inconstant, inventive, and fanciful, because, living at the utmost length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more swiftness than those whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and therefore, as it becomes a wise man to struggle with the inconveniences of his country, whenever celerity and acuteness are requisite, we must actuate our languor by taking a few turns round the center in a garret.

If you imagine that I ascribe to air and motion effects which they cannot produce, I desire you to consult your own memory, and consider whether you have never known a man acquire reputation in his garret, which, when fortune or a patron had placed him upon the first floor, he was unable to maintain; and who never recovered his former vigour of understanding till he was restored to his original situation. That a garret will make every man a wit, I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue blockheads even on the summit of the *Andes*, or on the pic of *Teneriffe*. But let not any man be considered as unimproveable till this potent remedy has been tried; for perhaps, he was formed to be great only in a garret, as the joiner of *Aretæus* was rational in no other place but his own shop.

I THINK a frequent removal to various distances from the center so necessary to a just estimate of intellectual abilities, and consequently of so great use in education, that if I hoped that the public could be persuaded to so expensive an experiment, I would propose,



that there should be a cavern dug, and a tower erected, like those which *Bacon* describes in *Solomon's* house, for the expansion and concentration of understanding, according to the exigence of different employments, or constitutions. Perhaps some that fume away in meditations upon time and space in the tower, might compose tables of interest at a certain depth; and he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might, at the height of half a mile, ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation.

ADDISON observes that we may find the heat of *Virgil's* climate, in some lines of his *Georgic*: so, when I read a composition, I immediately determine the height of the author's habitation. As an elaborate performance is commonly said to smell of the lamp, my commendation of a noble thought, a sprightly sally, or a bold figure, is to pronounce it fresh from the garret; an expression which would break from me upon the perusal of most of your papers, did I not believe, that you sometimes quit the garret, and ascend into the cock-loft.

HYPERTATUS.

NUMB.

NUMB. 118. SATURDAY, May 4, 1751.

— *Omnes illacrymabiles*  
*Urgentur, ignotique longa*  
*Nocte.* — HOR.

CICERO has, with his usual elegance and magnificence of language, attempted, in his relation of the dream of *Scipio*, to depreciate those honours for which he himself appears to have panted with restless and importunate solicitude, by shewing within what narrow limits all that fame and celebrity which man can hope from men is circumscribed.

“ You see,” says *Africanus*, pointing at the earth from the celestial regions, “ that  
 “ the globe assigned to the residence and habitation of human beings is of small dimensions: how then can you obtain from the  
 “ praise of men, any glory worthy of a wish?  
 “ Of this little world the inhabited parts are  
 “ neither numerous nor wide; even the spots  
 “ where men are found are broken by intervening deserts; and the nations are so separated  
 “ rated

“ rated as that nothing can be transmitted  
 “ from one to another. With the people of  
 “ the south, by whom the opposite part of  
 “ the earth is possessed, you have no inter-  
 “ course; and by how small a tract do you  
 “ communicate with the countries of the  
 “ north? The territory which you inhabit is  
 “ no more than a scanty island, inclosed by a  
 “ small body of water, to which you give the  
 “ name of the great sea, and the *Atlantick*  
 “ ocean. And even in this known and fre-  
 “ quented continent, what hope can you en-  
 “ tertain, that your renown will pass the  
 “ stream of *Ganges*, or the cliffs of *Caucasus*?  
 “ or by whom will your name be uttered in  
 “ the extremities of the north or south, to-  
 “ wards the rising or the setting sun? So nar-  
 “ row is the space to which your fame can  
 “ be propagated, and even there how long  
 “ will it remain?”

HE then proceeds to assign natural causes  
 why fame is not only narrow in its extent,  
 but short in its duration; he observes the dif-  
 ference between the computation of time in  
 earth and heaven, and declares, that accord-  
 ing

ing to the celestial chronology, no human honours can last a single year.

SUCH are the objections by which *Tully* has made a shew of discouraging the pursuit of fame; objections which sufficiently discover his tenderness and regard for his darling phantom. *Homer*, when the plan of his poem made the death of *Patroclus* necessary, resolved, at least, that he should die with honour; and, therefore, brought down against him the patron god of *Troy*, and left to *Hector* only the mean task of giving the last blow to an enemy whom a divine hand had disabled from resistance. Thus *Tully* ennobles fame, which he professes to degrade by opposing it to celestial happiness; he confines not its extent but by the boundaries of nature, nor contracts its duration but by representing it small in the estimation of superior beings. He still admits it the highest and noblest of terrestrial objects, and alleges little more against it, than that it is neither without end, nor without limits.

WHAT might be the effect of these observations conveyed in *Ciceronian* eloquence to *Roman* understandings, cannot be determined; but



but few of those who shall in the present age read my humble version will find themselves much depressed in their hopes, or retarded in their designs; for I am not inclined to believe, that they who among us pass their lives in the cultivating of knowledge, or the acquisition of power, have very anxiously enquired what opinions prevail on the farther banks of the *Ganges*, or have invigorated any effort by the desire of spreading their renown among the clans of *Caucasus*. The hopes and fears of modern minds are content to range in a narrower compass; a single nation, and a few years, have generally sufficient amplitude to fill our imagination.

A LITTLE consideration will indeed teach us, that fame has other limits than mountains and oceans; and that he who places happiness in the frequent repetition of his name, may spend his life in propagating it, without any danger of weeping for new worlds, or necessity of passing the *Atlantick* sea.

THE numbers to whom any real and perceptible good or evil can be derived by the greatest power, or most active diligence, are  
incon-

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inconsiderable; and where neither benefit nor mischief operate, the only motive to the mention or remembrance of others is curiosity; a passion, which, though in some degree universally associated with reason, is easily confined, overborn, or diverted from any particular object.

AMONG the lower classes of mankind, there will be found very little desire of any other knowledge, than what may contribute immediately to the relief of some pressing uneasiness, or the attainment of some near advantage. The *Turks* are said to hear with wonder a proposal to walk out, only that they may walk back; and enquire, why any man should labour for nothing: so those whose condition has always restrained them to the contemplation of their own necessities, and who have been accustomed to look forward only to a small distance, will scarcely understand, why nights and days should be spent in studies, which end in new studies, and which, according to *Malherbe's* observation, do not tend to lessen the price of bread; nor will the trader or manufacturer easily be persuaded, that much pleasure can arise from the mere knowledge

ledge of actions, performed in remote regions, or in distant times; or that any thing can deserve their enquiry, of which *κλέος οἶον ἀκούομεν, οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν*, we can only hear the report, but which cannot influence our lives by any consequences.

THE truth is, that very few have leisure from indispensable business, to employ their thoughts upon narrative or characters; and among those to whom fortune has given the liberty of living more by their own choice, many create to themselves engagements, by the indulgence of some petty ambition, the admission of some insatiable desire, or the toleration of some predominant passion. The man whose whole wish is to accumulate money, has no other care than to collect interest, to estimate securities, and to enquire for mortgages: the lover disdains to turn his ear to any other name than that of *Corinna*; and the courtier thinks the hour lost, which is not spent in promoting his interest, and facilitating his advancement. The adventures of valour, and the discoveries of science, will find a cold reception, when they are obtruded upon an attention, thus busy

busy with its favourite amusement, and impatient of interruption or disturbance.

BUT not only such employments as seduce attention by the appearance of dignity, or the promise of happiness, may restrain the mind from excursion and enquiry; curiosity may be equally destroyed by less formidable enemies; it may be dissipated in trifles, or congealed by indolence. The sportsmen and the men of dress have their heads filled with a fox or a horse-race, a feather or a ball; and live in ignorance of every thing beside, with as much content as he that heaps up gold, or solicits preferment, digs the field, or beats the anvil; and some dream out their days without pleasure or business, without joy or sorrow, nor ever rouse from their lethargy to hear or think.

EVEN of those who have dedicated themselves to knowledge, the far greater part have confined their curiosity to a few objects, and have very little inclination to promote any fame, but that of which their own studies entitle them to partake. The naturalist has no desire to know the opinions or conjectures  
of



of the philologer : the botanist looks upon the astronomer, as a being unworthy of his regard : the lawyer scarcely hears the name of a physician without contempt ; and he that is growing great and happy by electrifying a bottle, wonders how the world can be engaged by trifling prattle about war or peace.

IF, therefore, he that imagines the world filled with his actions and praises, shall subduct from the number of his encomiasts, all those who are placed below the flight of fame, and who hear in the vallies of life no other voice than that of necessity ; all those who imagine themselves too important to regard him, and consider the mention of his name, as an usurpation of their time ; all who are too much, or too little, pleased with themselves, to attend to any thing external ; all who are attracted by pleasure, or chained down by pain, to unvaried ideas ; all who are withheld from attending his triumph by different pursuits ; and all who slumber in universal negligence ; he will find his renown streightened by nearer bounds than the rocks of *Caucasus*, and perceive that no man can be venerable or formidable,

midable, but to a small part of his fellow-creatures.

THAT we may not languish in our endeavours after excellence, it is necessary, that, as *Africanus* counsels his descendant, “ we raise  
“ our eyes to higher prospects, and contem-  
“ plate our future and eternal state, without  
“ giving up our hearts to the praise of crowds,  
“ or fixing our hopes on such rewards as hu-  
“ man power can bestow.”

NUMB. 119. TUESDAY, May 7, 1751.

*Iliacos intra muros peccatur, et extra.*

HOR.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS, notwithstanding all that wit, or malice, or pride, or prudence, will be able to suggest, men and women must at last pass their lives together, I have never been able to think

think those writers friends to human happiness, who endeavour to excite in either sex a general contempt or suspicion of the other. To persuade them who are entering the world, and looking abroad for a suitable associate, that all are equally vicious, or equally ridiculous; that they who trust are certainly betrayed, and they who esteem are always disappointed; is not to awaken judgment, but to inflame temerity. Without hope there can be no caution. Those who are convinced, that no reason for preference can be found, will never harass their thoughts with doubt and deliberation; they will resolve, since they are doomed to misery, that no needless anxiety shall disturb their quiet; they will plunge at hazard into the croud, and snatch the first hand that shall be held toward them.

THAT the world is over-run with vice, cannot be denied; but vice, however predominant, has not yet gained an unlimited dominion. Simple and unmingled good is not in our power, but we may generally escape a greater evil by suffering a less; and therefore, those who undertake to initiate the young and ignorant in the knowledge of life, should be

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be careful to inculcate the possibility of virtue and happiness, and to encourage endeavours by prospects of success.

You perhaps do not suspect, that these are the sentiments of one who has been subject for many years to all the hardships of antiquated virginity; has been long accustomed to the coldness of neglect, and the petulance of insult; has been mortified in full assemblies by enquiries after forgotten fashions, games long disused, and wits and beauties of ancient renown; has been invited, with malicious importunity, to the second wedding of many acquaintances; has been ridiculed by two generations of coquets in whispers intended to be heard; and been long considered by the airy and gay, as too venerable for familiarity, and too wise for pleasure. It is indeed natural for injury to provoke anger, and by continual repetition to produce an habitual asperity; yet I have hitherto struggled with so much vigilance against my pride, and my resentment, that I have preserved my temper uncorrupted. I have not yet made it any part of my employment to collect sentences against marriage; nor am inclined to lessen the number of the  
few



few friends whom time has left me, by obstructing that happiness which I cannot partake, and venting my vexation in censures of the forwardness and indiscretion of girls, or the inconstancy, tastelessness, and perfidy of men.

It is, indeed, not very difficult to bear that condition to which we are not condemned by necessity, but induced by observation and choice; and therefore I, perhaps, have never yet felt all the malignity with which a reproach edged with the appellation of old maid swells some of those hearts in which it is infixed. I was not condemned in my youth to solitude, either by indigence or deformity, nor passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship, and the joys of triumph. I have danced the round of gaiety amidst the murmurs of envy, and gratulations of applause; been attended from pleasure to pleasure by the great, the sprightly, and the vain; and seen my regard solicited by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love. If, therefore, I am yet a stranger to nuptial happiness, I suffer only the consequences of my own resolves, and can  
look

look back upon the succession of lovers whose addressees I have rejected, without grief and without malice.

WHEN my name first began to be inscribed upon glasses, I was honoured with the amorous professions of the gay *Venustulus*, a gentleman, who, being the only son of a wealthy family, had been educated in all the wantonness of expence, and softness of effeminacy. He was beautiful in his person, and easy in his address, and, therefore, soon gained upon my eye at an age when the sight is very little over-ruled by the understanding. He had not any power in himself of gladdening or amusing; but supplied his want of conversation by treats and diversions; and his chief art of courtship was to fill the mind of his mistress with parties, rambles, musick, and shews. We were often engaged in short excursions to gardens and seats, and I was for a while pleased with the care which *Venustulus* discovered in securing me from any appearance of danger or possibility of mischance. He never failed to commend caution to his coachman, or to promise the waterman a reward if he landed us safe; and always contrived to return by day-

light for fear of robbers. This extraordinary solicitude was represented for a time as the effect of his tenderness for me, but fear is too strong for continued hypocrisy. I soon discovered, that *Venusillus* had the cowardice as well as elegance of a female. His imagination was perpetually clouded with terrors, and he could scarcely refrain from screams and outcries at any accidental surprize. He durst not enter a room if a rat was heard behind the wainscoat, nor cross a field where the cattle were frisking in the sunshine; the least breeze that waved upon the river was a storm, and every clamour in the street was a cry of fire. I have seen him lose his colour when my squirrel had broke his chain; and was forced to throw water in his face on the sudden entrance of a black cat. Compassion once obliged me to drive away with my fan, a beetle that kept him in distress, and chide off a dog that yelped at his heels, to which he would gladly have given up me to facilitate his own escape. Women naturally expect defence and protection from a lover or a husband, and therefore you will not think me culpable in refusing a wretch, who would have burdened life with unnecessary fears,

and

and flown to me for that succour which it was his duty to have given.

My next lover was *Fungoso*, the son of a stockjobber, whose visits my friends, by the importunity of persuasion, prevailed upon me to allow. *Fungoso* was no very suitable companion; for, having been bred in a counting-house, he spoke a language unintelligible in any other place. He had no desire of any reputation, but that of an acute prognosticator of the changes in the funds; nor had any means of raising merriment, but by telling how somebody was over-reached in a bargain by his father. He was, however, a youth of great sobriety and prudence, and frequently informed us how carefully he would improve my fortune. I was not in haste to conclude the match, but was so much awed by my parents, that I durst not dismiss him, and might, perhaps, have been doomed for ever to the grossness of pedlary, and the jargon of usury, had not a fraud been discovered in the settlement, which set me free from the persecution of groveling pride, and pecuniary impudence.

I was afterwards six months without any



particular notice, but at last became the idol of the glittering *Flosculus*, who prescribed the mode of embroidery to all the fops of his time, and varied at pleasure the cock of every hat, and the sleeve of every coat, that appeared in fashionable assemblies. *Flosculus* made some impression upon my heart by a compliment which few ladies can hear without emotion; he commended my skill in dress, my judgment in suiting colours, and my art in disposing ornaments. But *Flosculus* was too much engaged by his own elegance, to be sufficiently attentive to the duties of a lover, or to please with varied praise an ear made delicate by riot of adulation. He expected to be repaid part of his tribute, and staid away three days, because I neglected to take notice of a new coat. I quickly found, that *Flosculus* was rather a rival than an admirer; and that we should probably live in a perpetual struggle of emulous finery, and spend our lives in stratagems to be first in the fashion.

I HAD soon after the honour at a feast of attracting the eyes of *Dentatus*, one of those human beings whose only happiness is to dine. *Dentatus* regaled me with foreign varieties,  
told

told me of measures that he had laid for procuring the best cook in *France*, and entertained me with bills of fare, prescribed the arrangement of dishes, and taught me two sauces invented by himself. At length, such is the uncertainty of human happiness, I declared my opinion too hastily upon a pie made under his own direction ; after which he grew so cold and negligent, that he was easily dismissed.

MANY other lovers, or pretended lovers, I have had the honour to lead a while in triumph. But two of them I drove from me by discovering, that they had no taste or knowledge in music ; three I dismissed, because they were drunkards ; two, because they paid their addresses at the same time to other ladies ; and six, because they attempted to influence my choice, by bribing my maid. Two more I discarded at the second visit, for obscene allusions ; and five for drollery on religion. In the latter part of my reign, I sentenced two to perpetual exile, for offering me settlements, by which the children of a former marriage would have been injured ; four, for representing falsely the value of their estates ;

three, for concealing their debts; and one, for raising the rent of a decrepit tenant.

I have now sent you a narrative, which the ladies may oppose to the tale of *Hymeneus*. I mean not to depreciate the sex, which has produced poets and philosophers, heroes and martyrs; but will not suffer the rising generation of beauties to be dejected by partial satire; or to imagine, that those who censure them, have not likewise their follies, and their vices. I do not yet believe happiness unattainable in marriage though I have never yet been able to find a man, with whom I could prudently venture an inseparable union. It is necessary to expose faults, that their deformity may be seen; but the reproach ought not to be extended beyond the crime, nor either sex to be condemned, because some women, or men, are indelicate, or dishonest.

I am, &c.

TRANQUILLA,

NUMB.

NUMB. 120. SATURDAY, May 11, 1751.

*Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten,  
Diffidens plebi, numero beatorum  
Eximit virtus : populumque falsis  
Dedocet uti*

*Vocibus.*

HOR.

**I**N the reign of *Jenghiz Can*, conqueror of the east, in the city of *Samarcand*, lived *Nouradin* the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of *India* for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hastened to his hand. The streets were crowded with his carriages; the sea was covered with his ships; the streams of *Oxus* were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the sky waisted wealth to *Nouradin*.



AT length *Nouradin* felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavour-  
ed to divert by application, and afterwards to  
relieve by luxury and indulgence; but finding  
his strength every day less, he was at last ter-  
rified, and called for help upon the sages of  
physick; they filled his apartments with  
alexipharmicks, restoratives; and essential vir-  
tues; the pearls of the ocean were dissolved,  
the spices of *Arabia* were distilled, and all the  
powers of nature were employed, to give new  
spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his  
blood. *Nouradin* was for some time amused  
with promises, invigorated with cordials, or  
soothed with anodynes; but the disease prey-  
ed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered  
with indignation, that health was not to be  
bought. He was confined to his chamber,  
deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited  
by his friends; but his unwillingness to die  
flattered him long with hopes of life.

AT length, having passed the night in te-  
dious languor, he called to him *Almamoulin*,  
his only son; and, dismissing his attendants,  
“ My son,” says he, “ behold here the  
“ weak-

“ weakness and fragility of man ; look back-  
 “ ward a few days, thy father was great and  
 “ happy, fresh as the vernal rose, and strong  
 “ as the cedar of the mountain ; the nations  
 “ of *Asia* drank his dews, and art and com-  
 “ merce delighted in his shade. Malevolence  
 “ beheld me, and sighed : His root, she cried,  
 “ is fixed in the depths ; it is watered by the  
 “ fountains of *Oxus* ; it sends out branches  
 “ afar, and bids defiance to the blast ; pru-  
 “ dence reclines against his trunk, and pro-  
 “ sperity dances on his top. Now, *Almamou-*  
 “ *lin*, look upon me withering and prostrate ;  
 “ look upon me, and attend. I have traffick-  
 “ ed, I have prospered, I have rioted in gain ;  
 “ my house is splendid, my servants are nu-  
 “ merous ; yet I displayed only a small part  
 “ of my riches ; the rest, which I was hin-  
 “ dered from enjoying by the fear of raising  
 “ envy, or tempting rapacity, I have piled in  
 “ towers, I have buried in caverns, I have  
 “ hidden in secret repositories, which this  
 “ scroll will discover. My purpose was, af-  
 “ ter ten months more spent in commerce,  
 “ to have withdrawn my wealth to a safer  
 “ country ; to have given seven years to de-  
 “ light and festivity, and the remaining part

“ of my days to solitude and repentance ; but  
 “ the hand of death is upon me ; a frigori-  
 “ sick torpor encroaches upon my veins ; I am  
 “ now leaving the produce of my toil, which  
 “ it must be thy business to enjoy with wis-  
 “ dom.” The thought of leaving his wealth  
 filled *Nouradin* with such grief, that he fell  
 into convulsions, became delirious, and ex-  
 pired.

ALMAMOULIN, who loved his father, was  
 touched a while with honest sorrow, and sat  
 two hours in profound meditation, without  
 perusing the paper which he held in his hand.  
 He then retired to his own chamber, as over-  
 born with affliction, and there read the in-  
 ventory of his new possessions, which swelled  
 his heart with such transports, that he no lon-  
 ger lamented his father's death. He was now  
 sufficiently composed to order a funeral of  
 modest magnificence, suitable at once to the  
 rank of *Nouradin*'s profession, and the reputa-  
 tion of his wealth. The two next nights he  
 spent in visiting the tower and the caverns,  
 and found the treasures greater to his eye  
 than to his imagination.

ALMAMOU-

ALMAMOULIN had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: he therefore believed, that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the want. He resolved to give a loose to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid equipage, dressed his servants in rich embroidery, and covered his horses with golden caparisons. He showered down silver on the populace, and suffered their acclamations to swell him with insolence. The nobles saw him with anger, the wise men of the state combined against him, the leaders of armies threatened his destruction. *Almamoulin* was informed of his danger: he put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and appeased them with gold, and gems, and supplication.

He then sought to strengthen himself, by an alliance with the princes of *Tartary*, and offered the price of kingdoms, for a wife of



noble birth. His suit was generally rejected, and his presents refused; but a princess of *Astracan* once condescended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and shining with the jewels of *Golconda*; command sparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. *Almamoulin* approached and trembled. She saw his confusion, and disdained him: How, says she, dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus shrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation; thou wast born to be wealthy, but never canst be great.

HE then contracted his desires to more private and domestick pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of towers, and rolled rivers through new channels.

THESE amusements pleased him for a time; but languor and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large

large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety, but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted; he found his heart vacant, and his desires, for want of external objects, ravaging himself.

HE therefore returned to *Samarcand*, and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasure. His tables were always covered with delicacies; wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the singer, chased away sadness; every hour was crouded with pleasure; and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. *Almamoulin* cried out, “ I have at last found  
 “ the use of riches; I am surrounded by com-  
 “ panions, who view my greatness without  
 “ envy; and I enjoy at once the raptures of  
 “ popularity, and the safety of an obscure  
 “ station. What trouble can he feel, whom  
 “ all are studious to please, that they may be  
 “ repaid

“ repaid with pleasure? What danger can he  
 “ dread, to whom every man is a friend?”

SUCH were the thoughts of *Almamoulin*, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly, regaling at his expence; but in the midst of this soliloquy, an officer of justice entered the house, and, in the form of legal citation, summoned *Almamoulin* to appear before the emperor. The guests stood a while aghast, then stole imperceptible away, and he was led off without a single voice to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitants, accusing him of treason in hopes of sharing his confiscation; yet, unpatronized and unsupported, he cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the consistence of truth; he was dismissed with honour, and his accuser perished in prison.

ALMAMOULIN now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses; and, being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitless searches after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation,

tion, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation on the banks of *Oxus*, where he conversed only with such as solicited his counsel. "Brother," said the philosopher, "thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded by idle hopes, and fallacious appearances. Having long looked with desire upon riches, thou hadst taught thyself to think them more valuable than nature designed them, and to expect from them, what experience has now taught thee, that they cannot give. That they do not confer wisdom, thou mayst be convinced, by considering at how dear a price they tempted thee, upon thy first entrance into the world, to purchase the empty sound of vulgar acclamation. That they cannot bestow fortitude or magnanimity, that man may be certain, who stood trembling at *Astracan*, before a being not naturally superior to himself. That they will not supply unexhausted pleasure, the recollection of forsaken palaces, and neglected gardens, will easily inform thee. That they rarely purchase friends, thou didst soon discover, when thou wert left to stand thy trial uncountenanced and alone. Yet think not

"riches



"riches useless ; there are purposes, to which  
 "a wise man may be delighted to apply them ;  
 "they may, by a rational distribution to  
 "those who want them, - ease the pains of  
 "helpless disease, still the throbs of restless  
 "anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression,  
 "and raise imbecillity to cheerfulness and vi-  
 "gour. This they will enable thee to per-  
 "form, and this will afford the only happi-  
 "ness ordained for our present state, the  
 "confidence of divine favour, and the hope  
 "of future rewards."



NUM.



NUMB. 121. TUESDAY, May 14, 1751.

*O imitatores, servum pecus!*

HOR.

I Have been informed by a letter, from one of the universities, that among the youth from whom the next swarm of reasoners is to learn philosophy, and the next flight of beauties to hear elegies and sonnets, there are many, who, instead of endeavouring by books and meditation to form their own opinions, content themselves with the secondary knowledge, which a convenient bench in a coffee-house can supply; and, without any examination or distinction, adopt the criticisms and remarks, which happen to drop from those, who have risen, by merit or fortune, to reputation and authority.

THESE humble retailers of knowledge my correspondent stigmatizes with the name of *Echoes*; and seems desirous, that they should  
be

be made ashamed of lazy submission, and animated to attempts after new discoveries, and original sentiments.

It is very natural for young men to be vehement, acrimonious, and severe. For, as they seldom comprehend at once all the consequences of a position, or perceive the difficulties by which cooler and more experienced reasoners are restrained from confidence, they form their conclusions with great precipitance; as they see nothing that can darken or embarrass the question, they expect to find their own opinion universally prevalent, and are inclined to impute uncertainty and hesitation to want of honesty, rather than of knowledge. I may, perhaps, therefore be reproached by my lively correspondent, when it shall be found, that I have no inclination to persecute these collectors of fortuitous knowledge with the severity required; yet, as I am now too old to be much terrified or pained by hasty censure, I shall not be afraid of taking into protection those whom I think condemned without a sufficient knowledge of their cause.

He

HE that adopts the sentiments of another, whom he has reason to believe wiser than himself, is only to be blamed, when he claims the honours which are not due but to the author, and endeavours to deceive the world into praise and veneration. For, to learn, is the proper business of youth; and whether we encrease our knowledge by books, or by conversation, we are equally indebted to foreign assistance.

THE greater part of students are not born with abilities, to construct systems, or advance knowledge; nor can have any hope beyond that of becoming intelligent hearers in the schools of art, of being able to comprehend what others discover, and to remember what others teach. Even those to whom Providence has allotted greater strength of understanding, can expect only to improve a single science. In every other part of learning, they must be content to follow opinions, which they are not able to examine; and, even in that which they claim as peculiarly their own, can seldom add more than some small particle of knowledge, to the hereditary stock



stock devolved to them from ancient times, the collective labour of a thousand intellects.

In science, which being fixed and limited, admits of no other variety than such as arises from new methods of distribution, or new arts of illustration, the necessity of following the traces of our predecessors is indisputably evident; but there appears no reason, why imagination should be subject to the same restraint. It might be conceived, that of those who profess to forsake the narrow paths of truth every one may deviate towards a different point, since though rectitude is uniform and fixed, obliquity may be infinitely diversified. The fields of science are narrow, so that they who travel them, must either follow or meet one another; but in the boundless regions of possibility, which fiction claims for her dominion, there are surely a thousand recesses unexplored, a thousand flowers unplucked, a thousand fountains unexhausted, combinations of imagery yet unobserved, and races of ideal inhabitants not hitherto described.

YET,

YET, whatever hope may persuade, or reason evince, experience can boast of very few additions to ancient fable. The wars of *Troy*, and the travels of *Ulysses*, have furnished almost all succeeding poets with incidents, characters, and sentiments. The *Romans* are confessed to have attempted little more than to display in their own tongue the inventions of the *Greeks*. There is, in all their writings, such a perpetual recurrence of allusions to the tales of the fabulous age, that they must be confessed often to want that power of giving pleasure which novelty supplies; nor can we wonder, that they excelled so much in the graces of diction, when we consider how rarely they were employed in search of new thoughts.

THE warmest admirers of the great *Mantuan* poet can extol him for little more than the skill with which he has, by making his hero both a traveller and a warrior, united the beauties of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in one composition: yet his judgment was perhaps sometimes overborn by his avarice of the *Homeric* treasures; and, for fear of suffering a sparkling  
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ornament to be lost, he has inserted it where it cannot shine with its original splendor.

WHEN *Ulysses* visited the infernal regions, he found, that among the heroes that perished at *Troy*, his competitor *Ajax*, who, when the arms of *Achilles* were adjudged to *Ulysses*, died by his own hand in the madness of disappointment. He still appeared to resent, as on earth, his loss and disgrace. *Ulysses* endeavoured to pacify him with praises and submission; but *Ajax* walked away without reply. This passage has always been considered as eminently beautiful; because *Ajax* the haughty chief, the unlettered soldier, of unshaken courage, of immovable constancy, but without the power of recommending his own virtues by eloquence, or enforcing his assertions by any other argument than the sword, had no way of making his anger known, but by gloomy sullenness, and dumb ferocity. His hatred of a man whom he conceived to have defeated him only by volubility of tongue, was therefore naturally shewn by silence more contemptuous and piercing than any words that so rude an orator could have found, and by which he

he gave his enemy no opportunity of exerting the only power in which he was superior.

WHEN *Aeneas* is sent by *Virgil* to visit the shades, he meets with *Dido* the queen of *Carthage* whom his perfidy had hurried to the grave; he accosts her with tenderness and excuses; but the lady turns away like *Ajax* in mute disdain. She turns away like *Ajax*, but she resembles him in none of those qualities, which give either dignity or propriety to silence. She might, without any departure from the tenour of her conduct, have burst out like other injured women into clamour, reproach, and denunciation; but *Virgil* had his imagination full of *Ajax*, and therefore could not prevail on himself to teach *Dido* any other mode of resentment.

If *Virgil* could be thus seduced by imitation, there will be little hope, that common wits should escape; and accordingly we find, that besides the universal and acknowledged practice of copying the ancients, there has prevailed in every age a particular species of fiction. At one time all truth was conveyed in allegory; at another, nothing was seen but  
in



in a vision ; at one period, all the poets followed sheep, and every event produced a pastoral ; at another they busied themselves wholly in giving directions to a painter.

It is indeed easy to conceive why any fashion should become popular, by which idleness is favoured, and imbecillity assisted ; but surely no man of genius can much applaud himself for repeating a tale with which the audience is already tired, and which could bring no honour to any but its inventor.

THERE are, I think, two schemes of writing, on which the laborious wits of the present time employ their faculties. One is the adaptation of sense to all the rhymes which our language can supply to some word, that makes the burden of the stanza ; but this, as it has been only used in a kind of amorous burlesque, can scarcely be censured with much acrimony. The other is the imitation of *Spenser*, which, by the influence of some men of learning and genius, seems likely to gain upon the age, and therefore deserves to be more attentively considered.

To imitate the fictions and sentiments of *Spenser* can incur no reproach, for allegory is perhaps one of the most pleasing vehicles of instruction. But I am very far from extending the same respect to his diction or his stanza. His stile was in his own time allowed to be vicious, so darkened with old words and peculiarities of phrase, and so remote from common use, that *Johnson* boldly pronounces him to have written no language. His stanza is at once difficult and unpleasing; tiresome to the ear by its uniformity, and to the attention by its length. It was at first formed in imitation of the *Italian* poets, without due regard to the genius of our language. The *Italians* have so little variety of termination, that they were forced to contrive such a stanza as might admit the greatest number of similar rhymes; but our words end with so much diversity, that it is seldom convenient for us to bring more than two of the same sound together. If it be justly observed by *Milton*, that rhyme obliges poets to express their thoughts in improper terms, these improprieties must always be multiplied, as the

difficulty of rhyme is encreased by long concatenations.

THE imitators of *Spenser* are indeed not very rigid censors of themselves, for they seem to conclude, that when they have disfigured their lines with a few obsolete syllables, they have accomplished their design, without considering that they ought not only to admit words, but to avoid new. The laws of imitation are broken by every word introduced since the time of *Spenser*, as the character of *Hector* is violated by quoting *Aristotle* in the play. It would indeed be difficult to exclude from a long poem all modern phrases, though it is easy to sprinkle it with gleanings of antiquity. Perhaps, however, the stile of *Spenser* might by long labour be justly copied; but life is surely given us for higher purposes than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value, but because it has been forgotten.

NUMB.



NUMB. 122. SATURDAY, May 18, 1751.

*Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos*

*Ducit.*

OVID.

**N**OTHING is more subject to mistake and disappointment than anticipated judgment concerning the easiness or difficulty of any undertaking, whether we form our opinion from the performances of others, or from abstracted contemplation of the thing to be attempted.

WHATEVER is done skilfully appears to be done with ease; and art, when it is once matured to habit, vanishes from observation. We are therefore more powerfully excited to emulation, by those who have attained the highest degree of excellence, and whom we can therefore with least reason hope to equal.

IN adjusting the probability of success by a previous consideration of the undertaking, we



are equally in danger of deceiving ourselves. It is never easy, nor often possible, to comprise the series of any process, with all its circumstances, incidents, and variations, in a speculative scheme. Experience soon shews us the tortuosities of imaginary rectitude, the complications of simplicity, and the asperities of smoothness. Sudden difficulties often start up from the ambushes of art, stop the career of activity, repress the gaiety of confidence, and when we imagine ourselves almost at the end of our labours, drive us back to new plans and different measures.

THERE are many things which we every day see others unable to perform, and perhaps have even ourselves miscarried in attempting; and yet can hardly allow to be difficult; nor can we forbear to wonder afresh at every new failure, or to promise certainty of success to our next essay; but when we try, the same hindrances recur, the same inability is perceived, and the vexation of disappointment must again be suffered.

OF the various kinds of speaking or writing, which serve necessity, or promote pleasure,

sure, none appears so artless or easy as simple narration; for what should make him that knows the whole order and progress of an affair unable to relate it? Yet we hourly find such as endeavour to entertain or instruct us by recitals, clouding the facts which they intend to illustrate, and losing themselves and their auditors in wilds and mazes, in digression and confusion. When we have congratulated ourselves upon a new opportunity of enquiry, and new means of information; it often happens, that without designing either deceit or concealment, without ignorance of the fact, or unwillingness to disclose it, the relator fills the ear with empty sounds, harasses the attention with fruitless impatience, and disturbs the imagination by a tumult of events, without order of time, or train of consequence.

It is natural to believe upon the same principle, that no writer has a more easy task than the historian. The philosopher has the works of omniscience to examine; and is therefore engaged in disquisitions, to which finite intellects are utterly unequal. The poet trusts to his invention, and is not only in

danger of those inconsistencies, to which everyone is exposed by departure from truth; but may be censured as well for deficiencies of matter, as for irregularity of disposition, or impropriety of ornament. But the happy historian has no other labour than of gathering what tradition pours down before him, or records treasure for his use. He has only the actions and designs of men like himself to conceive and to relate; he is not to form, but copy characters, and therefore is not blamed for the inconsistency of statesmen, the injustice of tyrants, or the cowardice of commanders. The difficulty of making variety consistent, or uniting probability with surprize, needs not to disturb him; the manners and actions of his personages are already fixed; his materials are provided and put into his hands, and he is at leisure to employ all his powers in arranging and displaying them.

YET, even with these advantages, very few in any age have been able to raise themselves to reputation by writing histories; and among the innumerable authors, who fill every nation with accounts of their ancestors, or undertake to transmit to futurity the events of their

their own time, the greater part, when fashion and novelty have ceased to recommend them, are of no other use than chronological memorials, which necessity may sometimes require to be consulted, but which fright away curiosity, and disgust delicacy.

IT has been observed, that our nation, which has produced so many authors eminent for almost every other species of literary excellence, has been hitherto remarkably barren of historical genius; and so far has this defect raised prejudices against us, that some have doubted, whether an *Englishman* can stop at that mediocrity of stile, or confine his mind to that even tenour of imagination, which narrative requires.

THEY who can believe that nature has so capriciously distributed understanding, have surely no claim to the honour of serious consultation. The inhabitants of the same country have opposite characters in different ages; the prevalence or neglect of any particular study can proceed only from the accidental influence of some temporary cause; and if we have failed in history, we can have failed only because



history has not hitherto been diligently cultivated.

BUT how is it evident, that we have not historians among us, whom we may venture to place in comparison with any that the neighbouring nations can produce? The attempt of *Raleigh* is deservedly celebrated for the labour of his researches, and the elegance of his style; but he has endeavoured to exert his judgment more than his genius, to select facts, rather than adorn them; and has produced an historical dissertation, but seldom risen to the majesty of history.

THE work of *Clarendon* deserves more regard. His diction is indeed neither exact in itself, nor suited to the purpose of history. It is the effusion of a mind crouded with ideas, and desirous of imparting them; and therefore always accumulating words, and involving one clause and sentence in another. But there is dignity in his negligence, a rude artificial majesty, which, without the nicety of laboured elegance, swells the mind by its plenitude and diffusion. His narration is not perhaps sufficiently rapid, being stopped

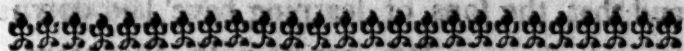
too frequently by particularities, which, though they might strike the author who was present at the transactions, will not equally detain the attention of posterity. But his ignorance or carelessness of the art of writing are amply compensated by his knowledge of nature and of policy; the wisdom of his maxims, the justness of his reasonings, and the variety, distinctness, and strength of his characters.

BUT none of our writers can, in my opinion, justly contest the superiority of *Rhodes*, who, in his history of the *Turks*, has displayed all the excellencies that narration can admit. His style, though somewhat obscured by time, and sometimes vitiated by false wit, is pure, nervous, elevated, and clear. A wonderful multiplicity of events is so artfully arranged, and so distinctly explained, that each facilitates the knowledge of the next. Whenever a new personage is introduced, the reader is prepared by his character for his actions; when a nation is first attacked, or city besieged, he is made acquainted with its history, or situation; so that a great part of the world is brought under his view. The descriptions of this author are without minuteness, and the digres-

sions without ostentation. Collateral events are so artfully woven into the contexture of his principal story, that they cannot be disjoined, without leaving it lacerated and broken. There is nothing turgid in his dignity, nor superfluous in his copiousness. His orations only, which he feigns, like the ancient historians, to have been pronounced on remarkable occasions, are tedious and languid; and since they are merely the voluntary sports of imagination, prove how much the most judicious and skilful may be mistaken, in the estimate of their own powers.

NOTHING could have sunk this author in obscurity, but the remoteness and barbarity of the people, whose story he relates. It seldom happens, that all circumstances concur to happiness or fame. The nation, which produced this great historian, has the grief of seeing his genius employed upon a foreign and uninteresting subject; and that writer, who might have secured perpetuity to his name, by a history of his own country, has exposed himself to the danger of oblivion, by recounting enterprizes and revolutions, of which none desire to be informed.

NUMB.



NUMB. 123. TUESDAY, May 21, 1751.

*Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem  
Testa diu.* HOR.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

**T**HOUGH I have so long found myself deluded by projects of honour and distinction, that I often resolve to admit them no more into my heart ; yet how determinately soever excluded, they always recover their dominion by force or stratagem ; and whenever, after the shortest relaxation of vigilance, reason and caution return to their charge, they find hope again in possession, with all her train of pleasures dancing about her.

EVEN while I am preparing to write a history of disappointed expectations ; I cannot forbear to flatter myself, that you and your



readers are impatient for my performance; and that the sons of learning have laid down several of your late papers with discontent, when they found that *Misocapelus* had delayed to continue his narrative.

BUT the desire of gratifying the expectations that I have raised, is not the only motive of this relation, which, having once promised it, I think myself no longer at liberty to forbear. For however I may have wished to clear myself from every other adhesion of trade, I hope I shall be always wise enough to retain my punctuality, and amidst all my new arts of politeness, continue to despise negligence, and detest falshood.

WHEN the death of my brother had dismissed me from the duties of a shop, I considered myself as restored to the rights of my birth, and entitled to the rank and reception, which my ancestors obtained. I was, however, embarrassed with many difficulties at my first re-entrance into the world; for my haste to be a gentleman inclined me to precipitate measures; and every accident that forced me back towards my old station, was considered

considered by me, as an obstruction of my happiness.

It was no common grief and indignation, that I found my former companions still daring to claim my notice, and the journeymen and apprentices sometimes pulling me by the sleeve as I was walking the street; and without any terror of my new sword, which was, notwithstanding, of an uncommon size, inviting me to partake of a bottle at the old house, and entertaining me with histories of the girls in the neighbourhood. I had always, in my officinal state, been kept in awe by lace and embroidery; and imagined that to fright away these unwelcome familiarities, nothing was necessary, but that I should, by splendor of dress, proclaim my re-union with a higher rank. I therefore sent for my tailor; ordered a suit with twice the usual quantity of lace; and, that I might not let my persecutors encrease their confidence, by the habit of accosting me, staid at home till it was made.

THIS week of confinement I passed in practising a forbidding frown, a smile of condescension, a slight salutation, and an abrupt departure;

departure; and in four mornings was able to turn upon my heel, with so much levity and sprightliness, that I made no doubt of discouraging all publick attempts upon my dignity. I therefore issued forth in my new coat, with a resolution of dazzling intimacy to a fitter distance; and pleased myself with the timidity and reverence, which I should impress upon all who had hitherto presumed to harass me with their freedoms. But, whatever was the cause, I did not find myself received with any new degree of respect; those whom I intended to drive from me, ventured to advance with their usual phrases of benevolence; and those whose acquaintance I solicited, grew more supercilious and reserved. I began soon to repent the expence, by which I had procured no advantage, and to suspect, that a shining dress, like a weighty weapon, has no force in itself, but owes all its efficacy to him that wears it.

MANY were the mortifications and calamities, which I was condemned to suffer in my initiation to politeness. I was so much tortured by the incessant civilities of my companions, that I never passed through that re-  
gion

gion of the city but in a chair with the curtains drawn ; and at last left my lodgings, and fixed myself in the verge of the court. Here I endeavoured to be thought a gentleman just returned from his travels, and was pleased to have my landlord believe, that I was in some danger from importunate creditors ; but this scheme was quickly defeated by a formal deputation sent to offer me, though I had now retired from business, the freedom of my company.

I WAS now detected in trade, and therefore resolved to stay no longer. I hired another apartment, and changed my servants. Here I lived very happily for three months, and, with secret satisfaction, often overheard the family celebrating the greatness and felicity of the esquire ; though the conversation seldom ended without some complaint of my covetousness, or some remark upon my language, or my gait. I now began to venture into the publick walks, and to know the faces of nobles and beauties ; but could not observe, without wonder, as I passed by them, how frequently they were talking of a taylor. I longed, however, to be admitted to conversation, and

was



was somewhat weary of walking in crouds without a companion, yet continued to come and go with the rest, till a lady whom I endeavoured to protect in a crouded passage, as she was about to step into her chariot, thanked me for my civility, and told me, that, as she had often distinguished me for my modest and respectful behaviour, whenever I set up for myself, I might expect to see her among my first customers.

HERE was an end of all my ambulatory projects. I indeed sometimes entered the walks again, but was always blasted by this destructive lady; whose mischievous generosity recommended me to her acquaintance. Being therefore forced to practise my adscitious character upon another stage, I betook myself to a coffee-house frequented by wits, among whom I learned in a short time the cant of criticism, and talked so loudly and volubly of nature, and manners, and sentiment, and diction, and families, and contrasts, and action, and pronunciation, that I was often desired to lead the hiss and clap, and was feared and hated by the players and the poets. Many a sentence have I hissed, which I did  
not

not understand, and many a groan have I uttered, when the ladies were weeping in the boxes. At last a malignant author, whose performance I had persecuted through the nine nights, wrote an epigram upon *Tape* the critick, which drove me from the pit for ever.

My desire to be a fine gentleman still continued: I therefore, after a short suspense, chose a new set of friends at the gaming table, and was for some time pleased with the civility and openness with which I found myself treated. I was indeed obliged to play, but, being naturally timorous and vigilant, was never surpris'd into large sums. What might have been the consequence of long familiarity with these plunderers, I had not an opportunity of knowing; for one night the constables entered and seized us, and I was once more compelled to sink into my former condition, by sending for my old master to attest my character.

WHEN I was deliberating to what new qualifications I should aspire, I was summoned into

into the country, by an account of my father's death. Here I had hopes of being able to distinguish myself, and to support the honour of my family. I therefore bought guns and horses, and, contrary to the expectation of the tenants, encreased the salary of the huntsman. But when I entered the field, it was soon discovered, that I was not destined to the glories of the chace. I was afraid of thorns in the thicket, and of dirt in the marsh; I shivered on the brink of a river while the sportsmen crossed it, and trembled at the sight of a five-bar gate. When the sport and danger were over, I was still equally disconcerted; for I was effeminate, though not delicate, and could only join a feebly whispering voice in the clamours of their triumph.

A FALL, by which my ribs were broken, soon recalled me to domestick pleasures, and I exerted all my art to obtain the favour of the neighbouring ladies; but where-ever I came, there was always some unlucky conversation upon ribbands, fillets, pins, or thread, which drove all my stock of compliments out of my memory, and overwhelmed me with shame and dejection.

THUS

THUS I passed the ten first years after the death of my brother, in which I have learned at last to repress that ambition, which I could never gratify; and, instead of wasting more of my life in vain endeavours after accomplishments, which, if not early acquired, no endeavours can obtain, I shall confine my care to those higher excellencies which are in every man's power; and though I cannot enchant affection by elegance and ease, hope to secure esteem by honesty and truth.

*I am, &c.*

MISOCAPELUS.



NUMB.



NUMB. 124. SATURDAY, May 25, 1751.

— *Tacitam sylvas inter reptare salubres  
Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.*

HOR.  
THE season of the year is now come in which the theatres are shut, and the card-tables forsaken; the regions of luxury are for a while unpeopled, and pleasure leads out her votaries to groves and gardens, to still scenes and erratick gratifications. Those who have passed many months in a continual tumult of diversion; who have never opened their eyes in the morning, but upon some new appointment; nor slept at night without a dream of dances, musick, and good hands, or of soft sighs, languishing looks, and humble supplications; must now retire to distant provinces, where the sirens of flattery are scarcely to be heard, where beauty sparkles without praise or envy, and wit is repeated only by the echo.

As

As I think it one of the most important duties of social benevolence to give warning of the approach of calamity when by timely prevention it may be turned aside, or by preparatory measures be more easily endured, I cannot feel the encreasing warmth, or observe the lengthening days, without considering the condition of my fair readers, who are now preparing to leave all that has so long filled up their hours, all from which they have been accustomed to hope for delight; and who, till fashion proclaims the liberty of returning to the seats of mirth and elegance, must endure the rugged 'squire, the sober housewife, the loud huntsman, or the formal parson, the roar of obstreperous jollity, or the dulness of prudential instruction; without any retreat, but to the gloom of solitude, where they will yet find greater inconveniencies, and must learn, however unwillingly, to endure themselves.

In winter, the life of the polite and gay, may be said to roll on with a strong and rapid current; they float along from pleasure to pleasure, without the trouble of regulating their

their own motions, and pursue the course of the stream in all the felicity of inattention ; content that they find themselves in progression, and careless whither they are going. But the months of summer are a kind of sleeping stagnation without wind or tide, where they are left to force themselves forward by their own labour, and to direct their passage by their own skill ; and where, if they have not some internal principle of activity, they must be stranded upon shallows, or lie torpid in a perpetual calm.

THERE are, indeed, some to whom this universal dissolution of gay societies affords a welcome opportunity of quitting without disgrace, the post which they have found themselves unable to maintain ; and of seeming to retreat only at the call of nature, from assemblies where, after a short triumph of uncontested superiority, they are overpowered by some new intruder of softer elegance or sprightlier vivacity. By these, hopeless of victory, and yet ashamed to confess a conquest, the summer is regarded as a release from the fatiguing service of celebrity, a dismissal to more certain joys and a safer empire. They now  
7
solace

solace themselves with the influence which they shall obtain, where they have no rival to fear; and with the lustre which they shall effuse, when nothing can be seen of brighter splendour. They image, while they are preparing for their journey, the admiration with which the rusticks will croud about them; plan the laws of a new assembly; or contrive to delude provincial ignorance with a fictitious mode. A thousand pleasing expectations swarm in the fancy; and all the approaching weeks are filled with distinctions, honours, and authority.

BUT others, who have lately entered the world, or have yet had no proofs of its inconstancy and desertion, are cut off by this cruel interruption from the enjoyment of their prerogatives, and doomed to lose four months in unactive obscurity. Many complaints do vexation and desire extort from these exiled tyrants of the town, against the inexorable sun, who pursues his course without any regard to love or beauty; and visits either tropick at the stated time, whether shunned or courted, deprecated or implored.

To



To them who leave the places of publick resort in the full bloom of reputation; and withdraw from admiration, courtship, submission, and applause; a rural triumph can give nothing equivalent. The praise of ignorance, and the subjection of weakness, are little regarded by beauties who have been accustomed to more important conquests, and more valuable panegyricks. Nor indeed should the powers which have made havock in the theatres, or borne down rivalry in courts, be degraded to a mean attack upon the untravelled heir, or ignoble contest with the ruddy milk-maid.

How then must four long months be worn away? Four months, in which there will be no routes, no shews, no ridottos; in which visits must be regulated by the weather, and assemblies will depend upon the moon! The Platonists imagine, that the future punishment of those who have in this life debased their reason by subjection to their senses, and have preferred the gross gratifications of lewdness and luxury, to the pure and sublime felicity of virtue and contemplation, will arise from the

the predominance and solicitations of the same appetites, in a state which can furnish no means of appeasing them. I cannot but suspect that this month, bright with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; this month, which covers the meadow with verdure, and decks the gardens with all the mixtures of colorifick radiance; this month, from which the man of fancy expects new infusions of imagery, and the naturalist new scenes of observation; this month will chain down multitudes to the *Platonick* penance of desire without enjoyment, and hurry them from the highest satisfactions, which they have yet learned to conceive, into a state of hopeless wishes and pining recollection, where the eye of vanity will look round for admiration to no purpose, and the hand of avarice shuffle cards in a bower with ineffectual dexterity.

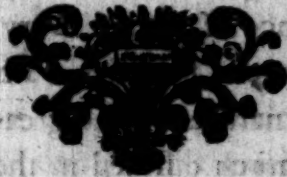
FROM the tediousness of this melancholy suspension of life, I would willingly preserve those who are exposed to it, only by inexperience; who want not inclination to wisdom or virtue, though they have been dissipated by negligence, or misled by example; and who would gladly find the way to rational

happiness, though it should be necessary to struggle with habit, and abandon fashion. To these many arts of spending time might be recommended, which would neither sadden the present hour with weariness, nor the future with repentance.

It would seem impossible to a solitary speculatist, that a human being can want employment. To be born in ignorance with a capacity of knowledge, and to be placed in the midst of a world filled with variety, perpetually pressing upon the senses and irritating curiosity, is surely a sufficient security against the languishment of inattention. Novelty is indeed necessary to preserve eagerness and alacrity; but art and nature have stores inexhaustible by human intellects; and every moment produces something new to him, who has quickened his faculties by diligent observation.

SOME studies, for which the country and the summer afford peculiar opportunities, I shall perhaps endeavour to recommend in a future essay; but if there be any apprehension not apt to admit unaccustomed ideas,

ideas, or any attention so stubborn and inflexible, as not easily to comply with new directions, even these obstructions cannot exclude the pleasure of application; for there is a higher and nobler employment, to which all faculties are adapted by him who gave them. The duties of religion, sincerely and regularly performed, will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest, and to exercise the highest understanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled by stated duties to meditations on eternal interests; nor can any hour be long, which is spent in obtaining some new qualification for celestial happiness.







NUMB. 125. TUESDAY, May 28, 1751.

*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,  
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?*

HOR.

**I**T is one of the maxims of the civil law, that *definitions are hazardous*. Things modified by human understandings, subject to varieties of complication, and changeable as experience advances knowledge, or accident influences caprice, are scarcely to be included in any standing form of expression, because they are always suffering some alteration of their state. Definition is, indeed, not the province of man; every thing is set above or below our faculties. The works and operations of nature are too great in their extent or too much diffused in their relations, and the performances of art too inconstant and uncertain, to be reduced to any determinate idea. It is impossible to impress upon our minds an adequate and just representation

tion of an object so great that we can never take it into our view, or so mutable that it is always changing under our eye, and has already lost its form while we are labouring to conceive it.

III DEFINITIONS have been no less difficult or uncertain in criticism than in law. Imagination, a licentious and vagrant faculty, unsusceptible of limitations, and impatient of restraint, has always endeavoured to baffle the logician, to perplex the confines of distinction, and burst the inclosures of regularity. There is therefore scarcely any species of writing, of which we can tell what is its essence, and what are its constituents; every new genius produces some innovation, which, when invented and approved, subverts the rules which the practice of foregoing authors had established.

COMEDY has been particularly unpropitious to definers; for though perhaps they might properly have contented themselves, with declaring it to be *such a dramatic representation of human life, as may excite mirth*, they have embarrassed their definition with

the means by which the comic writers attain their end, without considering that the various methods of exhilarating their audience, not being limited by nature, cannot be comprised in precept. Thus, some make comedy a representation of mean, and others of bad men; some think that its essence consists in the unimportance, others in the fictitiousness, of the transaction. But any man's reflections will inform him, that every dramatic composition which raises mirth is comic; and that, to raise mirth, it is by no means universally necessary, that the personages should be either meaner corrupt, nor always requisite, that the action should be trivial, nor ever, that it should be fictitious.

If the two kinds of dramattick poetry had been defined only by their effects upon the mind, some absurdities might have been prevented, with which the compositions of our greatest poets are disgraced, who, for want of some settled ideas and accurate distinctions, have unhappily confounded tragic with comic sentiments. They seem to have thought, that as the meanness of personages constituted comedy, their greatness was sufficient

ficient to form a tragedy; and that nothing was necessary to dignity and seriousness, but that they should croud the scene with monarchs, and generals, and guards; and make them talk, at certain intervals, of the downfall of kingdoms, and the rout of armies. They have not considered, that thoughts or incidents in themselves ridiculous, grow still more grotesque by the solemnity of such characters; that reason and nature are uniform and inflexible; and that what is despicable and absurd, will not, by any association with splendid titles, become rational or great; that the most important affairs, by an intermixture of an unseasonable levity, may be made contemptible; and that the robes of royalty can give no protection to nonsense or to folly.

“COMEDY,” says *Horace*, “sometimes raises her voice;” and tragedy may likewise on proper occasions abate her dignity; but as the comic personages can only depart from their familiarity of style, when the more violent passions are put in motion, the heroes and queens of tragedy should never descend to trifle, but in the hours of ease, and inter-



missions of danger. Yet in the tragedy of *Don Sebastian*, when the king of *Portugal* is in the hands of his enemy, and having just drawn the lot, by which he is condemned to die, breaks out into a wild boast that his dust shall take possession of *Africk*, the dialogue proceeds thus between the captive and his conqueror:

*Muley Moluch.* What shall I do to conquer thee?

*Seb.* Impossible!

Souls know no conquerors.

*M. Mol.* I'll shew thee for a monster thro' my *Africk*.

*Seb.* No, thou canst only shew me for a man: *Afric* is stor'd with monsters; man's a prodigy Thy subjects have not seen.

*M. Mol.* Thou talk'st as if Still at the head of battle.

*Seb.* Thou mistak'st, For there I would not talk.

*Benducar, the Minister.* Sure he would sleep.

THIS conversation, with the sly remark of the minister, can only be found not to be comick,

mick, because it wants the probability necessary to representations of common life, and degenerates too much towards buffoonry and farce.

THE same play affords a smart return of the general to the emperor, who, enforcing his orders for the death of *Sebastian*, vents his impatience in this abrupt threat:

——— No more replies,  
But see thou do'st it: Or ———

To which *Dorax* answers,

Choak in that threat: I can say Or as loud.

A THOUSAND instances of such impropriety might be produced, were not one scene in *Aureng-Zebe* sufficient to exemplify it. *Indamora*, a captive queen, having *Aureng-Zebe* for her lover, employs *Arimant*, to whose charge she had been intrusted, and whom she had made sensible of her charms, to carry a message to his rival.

L 5 ARIMANT,

ARIMANT, with a letter in his hand: IN-  
DAMORA.

*Arim.* And I the messenger to him from you?  
Your empire you to tyranny pursue:  
You lay commands, both cruel and unjust,  
To serve my rival, and betray my trust.

*Ind.* You first betray'd your trust in loving  
me:

And should not I my own advantage see?  
Serving my love, you may my friendship gain:  
You know the rest of your pretences vain.  
You must, my *Arimant*, you must be kind:  
'Tis in your nature, and your noble mind.

*Arim.* I'll to the king, and strait my trust  
reign.

*Ind.* His trust you may, but you shall never  
mine.

Heav'n made you love me for no other end,  
But to become my confident and friend:  
As such, I keep no secret from your sight,  
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:  
Read it, and tell me freely then your mind,  
If 'tis indited, as I meant it, kind.

*Arim.* I ask not heav'n my freedom to restore,  
[Reading.

But only for your sake — I'll read no more.  
And

And yet I must ———  
*Less for my own, than for your sorrow sad —*

[Reading.

Another line, like this, would make me mad—  
 Heav'n! she goes on—yet more—and yet  
 ——— more kind! [As Reading.

Each sentence is a dagger to my mind.

*See me this night ———* [Reading.

*Thank fortune, who did such a friend provide ;  
 For faithful Arimant shall be your guide.*

Not only to be made an instrument,  
 But pre-engag'd without my own consent !

*Ind.* Unknown t'engage you, still augments  
 my score,

And gives you scope of meriting the more.

*Arim.* The best of men  
 Some int'rest in their actions must confess ;

None merit, but in hope they may possess.

The fatal paper rather let me tear,  
 Than, like *Bellerophon*, my own sentence bear.

*Ind.* You may; but 'twill not be your best  
 advice ;

'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.

You know you must obey me, soon or late :

Why should you vainly struggle with your fate?



*Arim.* I thank thee, heav'n! thou hast  
been wond'rous kind!

Why am I thus to slavery design'd,  
And yet am cheated with a freeborn mind?  
Or make thy orders with my reason suit,  
Or let me live by sense, a glorious brute——

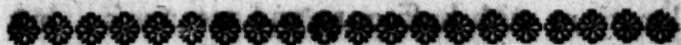
[*She frowns.*  
You frown, and I obey with speed, before  
That dreadful sentence comes, *See me no more.*

In this scene, every circumstance concurs to turn tragedy to farce. The wild absurdity of the expedient; the contemptible subjection of the lover; the folly of obliging him to read the letter only because it ought to have been concealed from him; the frequent interruptions of amorous impatience; the faint expostulations of a voluntary slave; the imperious haughtiness of a tyrant without power; the deep reflection of the yielding rebel upon fate and free-will; and his wise wish to lose his reason as soon as he finds himself about to do what he cannot persuade his reason to approve, are surely sufficient to awaken the most torpid risibility.

THERE is scarce a tragedy of the last century

tury which has not debased its most important incidents, and polluted its most serious inter-locutions with buffoonry and meanness; but though perhaps it cannot be pretended that the present age has added much to the force and efficacy of the drama, it has at least been able to escape many faults, which either ignorance had overlooked, or indulgence had licensed. The later tragedies indeed have faults of another kind, perhaps more destructive to delight, though less open to censure. That perpetual tumor of phrase with which every thought is now expressed by every personage, the paucity of adventures which regularity admits, and the unvaried equality of flowing dialogue, has taken away from our present writers almost all that dominion over the passions which was the boast of their predecessors. Yet they may at least claim this commendation, that they avoid gross faults, and that if they cannot often move terror or pity, they are always careful not to provoke laughter.





NUMB. 126. SATURDAY, June 1, 1751.

— *Nibil est aliud magnum quam multa minuta.*

VET. AUCT.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

**A**MONG the topicks of conversation which your papers supply, I was lately engaged in a discussion of the character given by *Tranquilla* of her lover *Venustulus*, whom, notwithstanding the severity of his mistress, the greater number seemed inclined to acquit of unmanly or culpable timidity.

ONE of the company remarked, that prudence ought to be distinguished from fear; and that if *Venustulus* was afraid of nocturnal adventures, no man who considered how much every avenue of the town was infested with robbers could think him blameable; for why should life be hazarded without prospect of honour

honour or advantage? Another was of opinion, that a brave man might be afraid of crossing the river in the calmest weather; and declared, that, for his part, while there were coaches and a bridge, he would never be seen tottering in a wooden case, out of which he might be thrown by any irregular agitation, or which might be overset by accident, or negligence, or by the force of a sudden gust, or the rush of a larger vessel. It was his custom, he said, to keep the security of day-light, and dry ground; for it was a maxim with him, that no wise man ever perished by water, or was lost in the dark.

THE next was humbly of opinion, that if *Tranquilla* had seen, like him, the cattle run roaring about the meadows in the hot months, she would not have thought meanly of her lover for not venturing his safety among them. His neighbour then told us, that for his part he was not ashamed to confess, that he could not see a rat, though it was dead, without palpitation; that he had been driven six times out of his lodging either by rats or mice; and that he always had a bed in the closet for his servants, whom he called up whenever the enemy



enemy was in motion. Another wondered that any man should think himself disgraced by a precipitate retreat from a dog; for there was always a possibility that a dog might be mad; and that surely, though there was no danger but of being bit by a fierce animal, there was more wisdom in flight than contest. By all these declarations another was encouraged to confess, that if he had been admitted to the honour of paying his addresses to *Tranquilla*, he should have been likely to incur the same censure; for among all the animals upon which nature has impressed deformity and horror, there was none whom he durst not encounter rather than a beetle.

THUS, Sir, tho' cowardice is universally defined too close and anxious an attention to personal safety, there will be found scarcely any fear, however excessive in its Degree, or unreasonable in its object, which will be allowed to characterize a coward. Fear is a passion which every man feels so frequently predominant in his own breast, that he is unwilling to hear it censured with great asperity; and, perhaps, if we confess the truth, the same restraint which would hinder a man from declaiming  
against

against the frauds of any employment among those who profess it, should withhold him from treating fear with contempt among human beings.

YET since fortitude is one of those virtues which the condition of our nature makes hourly necessary, I think you cannot better direct your admonitions than against superfluous and panick terrors. Fear is indeed implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but its duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to blind the discernment, or obstruct activity, to raise phantoms of horror, or beset life with super-numerary distresses.

To be always afraid of losing life, is, indeed, scarcely to enjoy a life that can deserve the care of preservation. He that once indulges idle fears will never be at rest. Our present state admits only of a kind of negative security; we must conclude ourselves safe when we see no danger, or none inadequate to our powers of opposition. Death indeed continually hovers about us, but hovers com-  
monly;

monly unseen, unless we sharpen our sight by useleſs curioſity.

THERE is always a point at which caution, however ſolicitous, muſt limit its preſervatives, becauſe one terror often counteracts another. I once knew one of the ſpeculatiſts of cowardice whoſe reigning diſturbance was the dread of houſe-breakers. His enquiries were for nine years employed upon the beſt method of barring a window, or a door; and many an hour has he ſpent in eſtabliſhing the preference of a bolt to a lock. He had at laſt, by the daily ſuperaddition of new expedients, contrived a door which could never be forced; for one bar was ſecured by another with ſuch intricacy of ſubordination, that he was himſelf not always able to diſengage them in the proper method. He was happy in this fortification, till being aſked how he would eſcape if he was threatened by fire, he diſcovered, that with all his care, and all his expence, he had only been aſſiſting his own deſtruction. He then immediately tore off his bolts, and now leaves at night his outer door half locked, that he may not by his own folly periſh in the flames.

THERE

THERE is one species of terror which those who are unwilling to suffer the reproach of cowardice have wisely dignified with the name of *antipathy*. A man who talks with intrepidity of the monsters of the wilderness while they are out of sight, will readily confess his *antipathy* to a mole, a weasel, or a frog. He has indeed no dread of harm from an insect or a worm, but his *antipathy* turns him pale whenever they approach him. He believes that a boat will transport him with as much safety as his neighbours, but he cannot conquer his *antipathy* to the water. Thus he goes on without any reproach from his own reflections, and every day multiplies *antipathies*, till he becomes contemptible to others and burdensome to himself.

It is indeed certain, that impressions of dread may sometimes be unluckily made by objects not in themselves justly formidable; but when fear is discovered to be groundless, it is to be eradicated like other false opinions, and *antipathies* are generally superable by a single effort. He that has been taught to shudder at a mouse, if he can persuade him-  
self



self to risque one encounter, will find his own superiority, and exchange his terrors for the pride of conquest.

*I am, Sir, &c.*

THRASO.

S I R,

**A**S you profess to extend your regard to the minuteness of decency and accommodation, as well as to the dignity of science, and importance of severer duties, I cannot forbear to lay before you a mode of persecution by which I have been exiled to taverns and coffee-houses, and deterred from entering the doors of my friends.

AMONG the ladies who please themselves with splendid furniture, or elegant entertainment, it is a practice, if not universal, yet very common, to ask every guest how he likes the carved work of the cornice, or the figures of the tapestry ; the china at the table, or the plate on the side-board ; and on all occasions to enquire his opinion of their judgment and their choice. *Melania* has laid her new watch

in

in the window nineteen times, that she may desire me to look upon it. *Callista* has an art of dropping her snuff-box by drawing out her handkerchief, that when I pick it up, I may admire it; and *Fulgentia* has conducted me, by mistake, into the wrong room, at every visit I have paid since her picture was put into a new frame.

I HOPE, Mr. RAMBLER, you will inform them, that no man should be denied the privilege of silence, or tortured to false declarations; and that though ladies may justly claim to be exempt from rudeness, they have no right to force unwilling civilities. To please is a laudable and elegant ambition, and is properly rewarded with honest praise; but to seize applause by violence, and call out for commendation, without knowing, or caring to know, whether it be given from conviction, is a species of tyranny by which modesty is oppressed, and sincerity corrupted. The tribute of admiration thus exacted by impudence and importunity, differs from the respect paid to silent merit, as the plunder of a pirate from the merchant's profit.

I am, Sir, &c. MISOCOLAX.

SIR,

S I R,

**Y**OUR great predecessor, the Spectator, endeavoured to diffuse among his female readers a desire of knowledge; nor can I charge you, though you do not seem equally attentive to the ladies, with endeavouring to discourage them from any laudable pursuit. But however either he or you may excite our curiosity, you have not yet informed us how it may be gratified. The world seems to have formed an universal conspiracy against our understandings; our questions are supposed not to expect answers, our arguments are confuted with a jest, and we are treated like beings who transgress the limits of our nature whenever we aspire to seriousness or improvement.

I ENQUIRED yesterday of a gentleman eminent for astronomical skill, what made the day long in summer, and short in winter; and was told that nature protracted the days in summer, lest ladies should want time to walk in the park; and the nights in winter, lest they should not have hours sufficient to spend at the card-table.

I HOPE

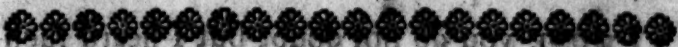
I HOPE you do not doubt but I heard such information with just contempt, and I desire you to discover to this great master of ridicule, that I was very far from wanting any intelligence which he could have given me. I asked the question with no other intention than to set him free from the necessity of silence and gave him an opportunity of mingling on equal terms with a polite assembly from which, however uneasy, he could not then escape, by a kind introduction of the only subject on which I believed him able to speak with propriety.

*I am, &c.*

GENEROUSA.







NUMB. 127. TUESDAY, June 4, 1751.

*Cœpisti melius quàm desinis: ultima primis*

*Cedunt: dissimiles hic vir, et ille puer.*

OVID.

**P**OLITIAN, a name eminent among the restorers of polite literature, when he published a collection of epigrams, prefixed to many of them the year of his age at which they were composed. He might design by this information, either to boast the early maturity of his genius, or to conciliate indulgence to the puerility of his performances. But whatever was his intent, it is remarked by *Scaliger*, that he very little promoted his own reputation, because he fell below the promise which his first productions had given, and in the latter part of life seldom equalled the sallies of his youth.

IT is not uncommon for those who at their first entrance into the world were distinguished for eminent attainments or superior abilities, to disappoint the hopes which they had raised,

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raised, and to end in neglect and obscurity that life which they began in celebrity and honour. To the long catalogue of the inconveniencies of old age, which moral and satirical writers have so copiously displayed, may be often added the loss of fame.

THE advance of the human mind towards any object of laudable pursuit, may be compared to the progress of a body driven by a blow. It moves for a time with great velocity and vigour, but the force of the first impulse is perpetually decreasing, and though it should encounter no obstacle capable of quelling it by a sudden stop, the resistance of the medium through which it passes, and the latent inequalities of the smoothest surface will in a short time by continued retardation wholly overpower it. Some hindrances will be found in every road of life, but he that fixes his eyes upon any thing at a distance necessarily loses sight of all that fills up the intermediate space, and therefore sets forward with alacrity and confidence, nor suspects a thousand obstacles by which he afterwards finds his passage embarrassed and obstructed. Some are indeed stopt at once in their career by a sud-

den shock of calamity, or diverted to a different direction by the cross impulse of some violent passion; but far the greater part languish by slow degrees, deviate at first into slight obliquities, and themselves scarcely perceive at what time their ardour forsook them, or when they lost sight of their original design.

WEARINESS and negligence are perpetually prevailing by silent encroachments, assisted by different causes, and not observed till they cannot, without great difficulty, be opposed. Labour necessarily requires pauses of ease and relaxation, and the deliciousness of ease commonly makes us unwilling to return to labour. We, perhaps, prevail upon ourselves to renew our attempts, but eagerly listen to every argument for frequent interpositions of amusement; for when indolence has once entered upon the mind, it can scarcely be dispossessed but by such efforts as very few are found willing to exert.

It is the fate of industry to be equally endangered by miscarriage and success, by confidence and despondency. He that engages in a great undertaking with a false opinion of its facility,

facility, or too high conceptions of his own strength, is easily discouraged by the first hindrance of his advances, because he had promised himself an equal and perpetual progression without impediment or disturbance; when unexpected interruptions break in upon him, he is in the state of a man surprised by a tempest where he purposed only to bask in the calm, or sport in the shallows.

IT is not only common to find the difficulty of an enterprize greater, but the profit less, than hope had pictured it. Youth enters the world with very happy prejudices in her own favour. She imagines herself not only certain of accomplishing every adventure, but of obtaining those rewards which the accomplishment may deserve. She is not easily persuaded to believe that the force of merit can be resisted by obstinacy and avarice, or its lustre darkened by envy and malignity. She has not yet learned that the most evident claims to praise or preferment may be rejected by malice against conviction, or by indolence without examination; that they may be sometimes defeated by artifices, and sometimes overborn by clamour; that in the mingled numbers of mankind,



many need no other provocation to enmity than that they find themselves excelled; that others have ceased their curiosity, and consider every man who fills the mouth of report with a new name, as an intruder upon their retreat, and disturber of their repose; that some are engaged in complications of interest which they imagine endangered by every innovation; that many yield themselves up implicitly to every report which hatred disseminates or folly scatters; and that whoever aspires to the notice of the publick, he has in almost every man an enemy and a rival; and must struggle with the opposition of the daring, and elude the stratagems of the timorous, must quicken the frigid and soften the obdurate, must reclaim perverseness and inform stupidity.

It is no wonder that when the prospect of reward has vanished, the zeal of enterprize should cease; for who would persevere to cultivate the soil which he has, after long labour, discovered to be barren? He who had pleased himself with anticipated praises, and expected that he should meet in every place with patronage or friendship, will soon remit his vigour, when he finds that from those who de-

fire

fire to be considered as his admirers nothing can be hoped but cold civility, and that many refuse to own his excellence, lest they should be too justly expected to reward it.

A MAN thus cut off from the prospect of that port to which his address and fortitude had been employed to steer him, often abandons himself to chance and to the wind, and glides careless and idle down the current of life, without resolution to make another effort, till he is swallowed up by the gulph of mortality.

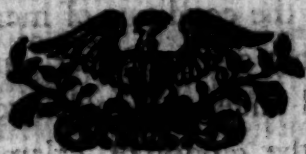
OTHERS are betrayed to the same desertion of themselves by a contrary fallacy. It was said of *Hannibal* that he wanted nothing to the completion of his martial virtues, but that when he had gained a victory he should know how to use it. The folly of desisting too soon from successful labours, and the haste of enjoying advantages before they are secured, is often fatal to men of impetuous desire, and ardent imagination, to men whose consciousness of uncommon powers fills them with presumption, and who, having born opposition down before them, and left emula-

tion panting behind, are early persuaded to imagine that they have reached the heights of perfection, and that now being no longer in danger from competitors, they may pass the rest of their days in the enjoyment of their acquisitions, in contemplation of their own superiority, and in attention to their own praises, and look unconcerned from their eminence upon the toils and contentions of meaner beings.

It is not sufficiently considered in the hour of exultation, that all human excellence is comparative; that no man performs much but in proportion to what others accomplish, or to the time and opportunities which have been allowed him; and that he who stops at any point of excellence is every day sinking in estimation, because his improvement grows continually more incommensurate to his life. Yet, as no man willingly quits opinions favourable to himself, they who have once been justly celebrated, imagine that they still have the same pretensions to regard, and seldom perceive the diminution of their character while there is time to recover it. Nothing then remains but murmurs and remorse; for  
if

if the spendthrift's poverty be imbittered by the reflection that he once was rich, how must the idler's obscurity be clouded by remembering that he once had lustre !

THESE errors all arise from an original mistake of the true motives of action. He that never extends his view beyond the praises or rewards of men, will be dejected by neglect and envy, or infatuated by honours and applause. But the consideration that life is only deposited in his hands to be employed in obedience to a Master who will regard his endeavours not his success, would have preserved him from trivial elations and discouragements, and enabled him to proceed with constancy and chearfulness, neither enervated by commendation, nor intimidated by censure.







NUMB. 128. SATURDAY, June 8, 1751.

Αἰὼν Ἀ' ἀσφαλὲς  
 Οὐκ ἐγένετ', ἔτ' Αἰκλίδ' ἀπαρὰ Πηλεΐ,  
 Οὔτε παρ' ἀντιθέω  
 Κάδμωι λέγονταί γε μὰν βρότων  
 Ὀλοῖον ὑπέρτατον αἰ  
 Σχεῖν. PIND.

**T**H E writers who have undertaken the task of reconciling mankind to their present state, and of relieving the discontent produced by the various distribution of terrestrial advantages, very frequently remind us that we judge too hastily of good and evil, that we view only the superficies of life, and determine of the whole by a very small part; and that in the condition of men it frequently happens, that grief and fear, anxiety and desire, lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity, and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature the bog is sometimes covered

covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

NONE but those who have learned the art of subjecting their senses as well as their reason to hypothetical systems will be persuaded by the most specious rhetorician that the lots of life are equal ; yet it cannot be denied that every one has his peculiar pleasures and vexations, that external accidents operate variously upon different minds, and that no man can exactly judge from his own sensations what another would feel in the same circumstances.

If the general disposition of things be estimated by the representation which every one makes of his own state, the world must be considered as the abode of sorrow and misery ; for how few can forbear to relate their troubles and distresses ? If we judge by the account which may be obtained of every man's fortune from others, it may be concluded, that we are all placed in an elysian region, overspread with the luxuriance of plenty, and fanned by the breezes of felicity ; since scarcely any complaint is uttered without censure

from those that hear it, and almost all are allowed to have obtained a provision at least adequate to their virtue or their understanding, to possess either more than they deserve, or more than they enjoy.

WE are either born with such dissimilitude of temper and inclinations, or receive so many of our ideas and opinions from the state of life in which we are engaged, and the particular objects by which we are surrounded, that the griefs and cares of one part of mankind seem to the other hypocrisy, folly, and affectation. Every class of society has its cant of lamentation, which is understood or regarded by none but themselves; and every part of life has its uneasinesses, which those who do not feel them will not commiserate. An event which spreads terror and distraction over half the commercial world, that assembles the trading companies in councils and committees, and sinks the hearts and shakes the nerves of a thousand stockjobbers, is read by the landlord and the farmer with frigid indifference. An affair of love which fills the young breast with incessant alternations of hope and fear, and steals away the night and day from every other pleasure

pleasure or employment, is regarded by them whose passions time has extinguished, as a trivial amusement, which can properly raise neither joy, nor sorrow, and which, though it may be suffered to fill the vacancy of an idle moment, should always give way to prudence or interest.

His that never had any other desire than to fill a chest with money, or to add another manour to his estate, who never grieved but at a bad mortgage, or entered a company but to make a bargain, would be astonished to hear of beings known among the polite and gay, by the denomination of wits. How would he gaze with toridity, or grin with contempt, at the mention of beings who have no wish but to speak what was never spoke before; who if they happen to inherit wealth, often exhaust their patrimonies in treating those who will hear them talk; and if they are poor, neglect a thousand opportunities of improving their fortunes for the pleasure of making others laugh? How slowly would he believe that there are men who would rather lose a legacy than the reputation of a distich; who think it less disgrace to want money than

but

M 6

repatee;



repartee; whom the vexation of having been foiled in a contest of raillery is sometimes sufficient to deprive of sleep; and who would esteem it a lighter evil to miss a profitable bargain by some accidental delay, than not to have thought of a smart reply till the time of producing it was past? How little would he suspect that this child of idleness and frolick enters every assembly with a beating bosom, like a litigant on the day of decision, and revolves the probability of applause with all the anxiety of a conspirator whose fate depends upon the next night; that at the hour of retirement he often carries home, amidst all his airy negligence, a heart lacerated with envy, or depressed with disappointment; and immures himself in his closet, that he may disencumber his memory at leisure, review the progress of the day, state with accuracy his loss or gain of reputation, and examine the causes of his failure or success?

AND yet more remote from common conceptions are the numerous and restless anxieties, by which female happiness is particularly disturbed. A solitary philosopher would imagine ladies born with an exemption from care  
and

and sorrow; lulled in perpetual security; and feasted with unmingled pleasure; for what can interrupt the content of those, upon whom one age has laboured after another to confer honours, and accumulate immunities; those to whom rudeness is infamy, and insult is cowardice; whose eye commands the brave, and whose smile softens the severe; whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out life to celebrate; who claim tribute from every art and science, and for whom all who approach them endeavour to multiply delights, without requiring from them any return but willingness to be pleased?

SURELY, among these favourites of nature, thus unacquainted with toil and danger, felicity must have fixed her residence; they must know only the changes of more vivid or more gentle joys; their life must always move either to the flow or sprightly melody of the lyre of gladness; they can never assemble but to pleasure, or retire but to peace.

SUCH would be the thoughts of every man who should hover at a distance round the world,

world, and know it only by conjecture and speculation. But experience will soon discover how easily those are disgusted who have been made nice by plenty, and tender by indulgence. He will soon see to how many dangers power is exposed which has no other guard than youth and beauty, and how easily that tranquillity is molested which can only be soothed with the songs of flattery. It is impossible to supply wants as fast as an idle imagination may be able to form them, or to remove all inconveniencies by which elegance refined into impatience may be offended. None are so hard to please as those whom satiety of pleasure makes weary of themselves; nor any so readily provoked as those who have been always courted with an emulation of civility.

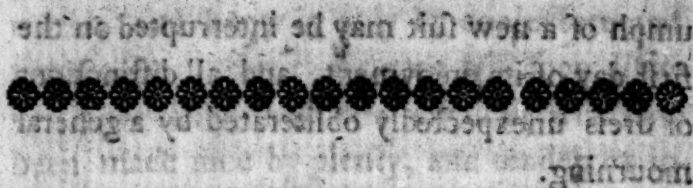
THERE are indeed some strokes which the envy of fate aims immediately at the fair. The mistress of *Catullus* wept for her sparrow many centuries ago, and lapdogs will be sometimes sick in the present age. The most fashionable brocade is subject to stains; a pinner, the pride of *Brussels*, may be torn by a careless washer; a picture may drop from a watch; or the triumph

umph of a new suit may be interrupted on the first day of its enjoyment, and all distinctions of dress unexpectedly obliterated by a general mourning.

SUCH is the state of every age, every sex, and every condition; all have their cares, either from nature or from folly: and whoever therefore finds himself inclined to envy another, should remember that he knows not the real condition which he desires to obtain, but is certain that by indulging a vicious passion, he must lessen that happiness which he thinks already too sparingly bestowed.

THESE are the principles of the first discourse. The sage precepts of the first discourse are of the world are transcribed from age to age with little variation, and collect from one





NUMB. 129. TUESDAY, June 11, 1751.

—Nunc, o nunc, Dædale, dixit,  
 Materiam, qua ingeniosus, habes.  
 Possidet en terras, et possidet æquora Minos :  
 Nec tellus nostra, nec patet unda fuga.  
 Restat iter cælo : cælo tentabimus ire.  
 Da veniam cœpto, Jupiter, alte, meo.

OVID.

**T**H E greater part of moralists, like other writers, instead of casting their eyes abroad into the living world, and endeavouring to form from their own observations new maxims of practice and new hints of theory, content their curiosity with that secondry knowledge which the perusal of books affords, and think themselves entitled to reverence and to fame by a new arrangement of an ancient system, or new illustration of established principles. The sage precepts of the first instructors of the world are transmitted from age to age with little variation, and echoed from one author

author to another, not perhaps without some loss, of their original force at every repercussion.

I KNOW not whether any other reason, than this idleness of imitation can be assigned for that uniform and constant partiality, by which some vices have hitherto escaped censure, and some virtues wanted recommendation; nor can I discover why else we have been warned only against part of our enemies, while the rest have been suffered to steal upon us without notice; or why on one side the heart has been doubly fortified, while it has lain open on the other to the incursions of error, and the ravages of vice.

AMONG the favourite topicks of moral declamation, may be numbered the dangers and miscarriages of imprudent boldness, the folly of attempts beyond our power, and the necessity of modest diffidence and cautious deliberation. Every page of every philosopher is crowded with examples of temerity that sunk under burthens which she laid upon herself, and called out enemies to battle by whom she was destroyed.

THEIR

THEIR remarks are certainly too just to be disputed, and too salutary to be rejected; but there is likewise some danger lest timorous prudence should be too strongly inculcated; lest courage and enterprize should be wholly repressed, and the mind congealed in perpetual inactivity by the fatal influence of frigoric wisdom.

EVERY man should, indeed, carefully compare his force with his undertaking; for though we ought not to live only for our own sakes, or act with regard solely to our own advantage, and though therefore danger or difficulty should not be avoided merely because we may expose ourselves to misery or disgrace; yet it may be justly required of us, not to hazard our lives, or throw away our labour, upon inadequate and hopeless designs, since we might by a more just estimate of our abilities have become more useful to mankind.

THERE is, doubtless, an irrational contempt of danger which approaches very nearly to the folly, if not the guilt, of suicide: there is a ridiculous perseverance in impracticable

tigable schemes, which is justly punished with ignominy and reproach. But in the wide regions of probability which are the proper province of prudence and election, there is always room to deviate on either side of rectitude without rushing against apparent absurdity; and according to the inclinations of nature, or the impressions of precept, the daring and the cautious may move in different directions without touching upon rashness or cowardice.

THAT there is a middle path which it is every man's duty to find, and to observe, is unanimously confessed; but it is likewise universally acknowledged that this middle path is so narrow, that it cannot easily be discovered, and so little beaten that there are no certain marks by which it can be followed; the care therefore of all those who have undertaken conduct others has been, that whenever they decline into obliquities, they should be certain to tend towards the side of safety.

IT can, indeed, raise no wonder that temerity has been generally censured; for it is one of the vices with which few can be charged, and which therefore great numbers are  
ready



ready to condemn. It is the vice of noble and generous minds, the exuberance of magnanimity, and the ebullition of genius, and is therefore not regarded with much tenderness, because it never flatters us by that appearance of softness and imbecility which is commonly necessary to conciliate compassion. But if the same attention had been applied to the search of arguments against cold despondency, against the mean and cowardly dereliction of ourselves, and the folly of presupposing impossibilities, and anticipating frustration, I know not whether many would not have been roused to usefulness, who, having been taught to confound prudence with timidity, never ventured to excel lest they should unfortunately fail.

It is always necessary to distinguish our own interest from that of others, and that distinction will perhaps assist us in fixing the just limits of caution and adventurousness. In an undertaking that involves the happiness, or the safety of many, we have certainly no right to hazard more than is allowed by those who partake the dangers; but where only ourselves can suffer by miscarriage, we are not confined

confined within such narrow limits; and still less is the reproach of temerity, when numbers will receive advantage by success, and only one be incommoded by failure.

MEN are generally willing to hear precepts by which ease is favoured; and as no resentment is raised by general representations of human folly, even in those who are most eminently jealous of comparative reputation, we confess, without reluctance, that vain man is ignorant of his own weakness, and therefore frequently presumes to attempt what he can never accomplish; but it ought likewise to be remembered, that he is no less ignorant of his own powers, and might perhaps have accomplished a thousand designs, which the prejudices of cowardice restrained him from attempting.

IT is observed in the golden verses of *Pythagoras*, that *Power is never far from necessity*. The vigour of the human mind quickly appears, when there is no longer any place for doubt and hesitation, when diffidence is absorbed in the sense of danger or overwhelmed by some resistless passion. We then  
soon

soon discover, that difficulty is, for the most part, the daughter of idleness, that the obstacles with which our way seemed to be obstructed were only phantoms, which we believed real because we durst not advance to a close examination; and we learn that it is impossible to determine without experience how much constancy may endure, or diligence perform.

BUT whatever pleasure may be found in the review of distresses when art or courage has surmounted them, few will be persuaded to wish that they may be awakened by want or terror to the conviction of their own abilities. Every one should therefore endeavour to invigorate himself by reason and reflection, and determine to exert, in any laudable undertaking, the latent force that nature may have repositied in him against the hour of exigence, before external compulsion shall torture him to diligence. It is below the dignity of a reasonable being to owe that strength to necessity which ought always to act at the call of choice, or to need any other motive to industry and perseverance than the desire of performing the duties of his condition.

REFLECTIONS

REFLECTIONS that may at least drive away despair, cannot easily be wanting to him who has taken a survey of the world, and considers how much life is now advanced beyond the state of naked, undisciplined, uninstructed nature. Whatever has been effected for convenience or elegance, while it was yet unknown, was believed impossible; and therefore would never have been attempted, had not some, more daring than the rest, ventured to bid defiance to prejudice and censure. Nor is there yet any reason to doubt that the same labour would be rewarded with the same success. There are certainly innumerable qualities in the products of nature yet undiscovered, and innumerable combinations in the powers of art yet untried. It is the duty of every man to endeavour that something may be added by his industry to the hereditary aggregate of knowledge and happiness. To add much can indeed be the lot of few, but to add something, however little, every one may hope; and of every honest endeavour it is certain, that, however unsuccessful, it will be at last rewarded.



NUMB. 130. SATURDAY, June 15, 1751.

*Non sic prata novo vere decentia  
 Æstatis calidæ dispollat vapor,  
 Scœvit solstitio cum medius dies; —  
 Ut fulgor teneris qui radiat genis  
 Momento rapitur, nullaue non diēs  
 Formosi spoliū corporis abstulit.  
 Res est forma fugax. Quis sapiens bono  
 Confidat fragili?* SENECA.

To the RAMBLER.

S I R,

**Y**OU have very lately observed that in the numerous subdivisions of the world, every class and order of mankind have joys and sorrows of their own; we all feel hourly pain and pleasure from events which pass unheeded before other eyes, but can scarcely communicate our perceptions to minds preoccupied by different objects, any more than the delight of well disposed colours or harmonious sounds

sounds can be imparted to such as want the senses of hearing or of sight.

I AM so strongly convinced of the justness of this remark, and have on so many occasions discovered with how little attention pride looks upon calamity of which she thinks herself not in danger, and indolence listens to complaint when it is not echoed by her own remembrance, that though I am about to lay the occurrences of my life before you, I question whether you will condescend to peruse my narrative, or without the help of some female speculatist be able to understand it.

I WAS born a beauty. From the dawn of reason I had my regard turned wholly upon myself, nor can recollect any thing earlier than praise and admiration. My mother, whose face had luckily advanced her to a condition above her birth, thought no evil so great as deformity. She had not the power of imagining any other defect than a cloudy complexion, or disproportionate features; and therefore contemplated me as an assemblage of all that could raise envy or desire, and predicted with

triumphant fondness the extent of my conquests, and the number of my slaves.

SHE never mentioned any of my young acquaintance before me, but to remark how much they fell below my perfection; how one would have had a fine face but that her eyes were without lustre; how another struck the sight at a distance, but wanted my hair and teeth at a nearer view; another disgraced an elegant shape with a brown skin; some had short fingers, and others had dimples in a wrong place.

As she expected no happiness nor advantage but from beauty, she thought nothing but beauty worthy of her care; and her maternal kindness was chiefly exercised in contrivances to protect me from any accident that might deface me with a scar, or stain me with a freckle: she never thought me sufficiently shaded from the sun, or screened from the fire. She was severe or indulgent with no other intention than the preservation of my form; she excused me from work, lest I should learn to hang down my head, or harden my finger with a needle; she snatched away my book, because



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because a young lady in the neighbourhood had made her eyes red with reading by a candle; but she would scarcely suffer me to eat, lest I should spoil my shape, nor to walk, lest I should swell my ankle with a sprain. At night I was accurately surveyed from head to foot, lest I should have suffered any diminution of my charms in the adventures of the day; and was never permitted to sleep, till I had passed through the cosmetick discipline, part of which was a regular lustration performed with bean-flower water and may-dews; my hair was perfumed with variety of unguents, by some of which it was to be thickened, and by others to be curled. The softness of my hands was secured by medicated gloves, and my bosom rubbed with a pomade prepared by my mother, of virtue to discuss pimples, and clear discolorations.

I was always called up early, because the morning air gives a freshness to the cheeks; but I was placed behind a curtain in my mother's chamber, because the neck is easily tanned by the rising sun. I was then dressed with a thousand precautions, and again heard my own praises, and triumphed in the compli-



ments and prognostications of all that ap-  
proached me.

My mother was not so much prepossessed with an opinion of my natural excellencies as not to think some cultivation necessary to their completion. She took care that I should want none of the accomplishments included in female education, or considered as necessary in fashionable life. I was looked upon in my ninth year as the chief ornament of the dancing-master's ball, and Mrs. *Arist* used to reproach his other scholars with my performances on the harpsichord. At twelve I was remarkable for playing my cards with great elegance of manner, and accuracy of judgment.

At last the time came when my mother thought me perfect in my exercises, and qualified to display in the open world those accomplishments which had yet only been discovered in select parties, or domestic assemblies. Preparations were therefore made for my appearance on a publick night, which she considered as the most important and critical moment of my life. She cannot be charged

charged with neglecting any means of recommendation, or leaving any thing to chance which prudence could ascertain. Every ornament was tried in every position, every friend was consulted about the colour of my dress, and the manteaumakers were harassed with directions and alterations.

At last the night arrived from which my future life was to be reckoned. I was dressed and sent out to conquer, with a heart beating like that of an old knight errant at his first fall. Scholars have told me of a *Spartan* matron, who, when she armed her son for battle, bade him bring back his shield or be brought upon it. My venerable parent dismissed me to a field, in her opinion of equal glory, with a command to shew that I was her daughter, and not to return without a lover.

I WENT, and was received like other pleasing novelties with a tumult of applause. Every man who valued himself upon the graces of his person, or the elegance of his address, crowded about me, and wit and splendor contended for my notice. I was delightfully fatigued with incessant civilities, which were made

more pleasing by the apparent envy of those whom my presence exposed to neglect. I returned with an attendant equal in rank and wealth to my utmost wishes, and from this time stood in the first rank of beauty, was followed by gazers in the mall, celebrated in the papers of the day, imitated by all who endeavoured to rise into fashion, and censured by those whom age or disappointment forced to retire.

My mother, who pleased herself with the hopes of seeing my exaltation, dressed me with all the exuberance of finery; and when I represented to her that a fortune might be expected proportionate to my appearance, told me that she should scorn the reptile who could enquire after the fortune of a girl like me. She advised me to prosecute my victories, and time would certainly bring me a captive who might deserve the honour of being enchained for ever.

My lovers were indeed so numerous, that I had no other care than that of determining to whom I should seem to give the preference. But having been steadily and industriously



ously instructed to preserve my heart from any impressions which might hinder me from consulting my interest, I acted with less embarrassment, because my choice was regulated by principles more clear and certain than the caprice of approbation. When I had singled out one from the rest as more worthy of encouragement, I proceeded in my measures by the rules of art; and yet when the ardour of the first visits was spent, generally found a sudden declension of my influence; I felt in myself the want of some power to diversify amusement, and enliven conversation; and could not but suspect that my mind failed in performing the promises of my face. This opinion was soon confirmed by one of my lovers, who married *Lavinia* with less beauty and fortune than mine, because he thought a wife ought to have qualities which might make her amiable when her bloom was past.

THE vanity of my mother would not suffer her to discover any defect in one that had been formed by her instructions, and had all the excellence which she herself could boast. She told me that nothing so much hindered the



advancement of women as literature and wit, which generally frightened away those that could make the best settlements, and drew about them a needy tribe of poets and philosophers, that filled their heads with wild notions of content, and contemplation, and virtuous obscurity. She therefore enjoined me to improve my minuet step with a new *French* dancing-master, and wait the event of the next birth-night.

I HAD now almost completed my nineteenth year: if my charms had lost any of their softness, it was more than compensated by additional dignity; and if the attractions of innocence were impaired, their place was supplied by the arts of allurements. I was therefore preparing for a new attack, without any abatement of my confidence, when in the midst of my hopes and schemes, I was seized by that dreadful malady which has so often put a sudden end to the tyranny of beauty. I recovered my health after a long confinement; but when I looked again on that face which had been often flushed with transport at its own reflexion, and saw all that I had learned to value, all that I had endeavoured to improve,

improve, all that had procured me honours or praises, irrecoverably destroyed, I sunk at once into melancholy and despondence. My pain was not much consoled or alleviated by my mother, who grieved that I had not lost my life together with my beauty, and declared, that she thought a young woman divested of her charms had nothing for which those who loved her could desire to save her from the grave.

HAVING thus continued my relation to the period from which my life took a new course, I shall conclude it in another letter; if by publishing this you shew any regard for the correspondence of,

Sir, &c.

VICTORIA.



NUMB. 131. TUESDAY, June 18, 1751.

*Fatis accede deisque,*

*Et cole felices; miseros fuge. Sidera cælo*

*Ut distant, et flamma mari, sic utile recto.*

LUCAN.

**T**HERE is scarcely any sentiment in which, amidst the innumerable varieties of inclination that nature or accident have scattered in the world, we find greater numbers concurring than in the wish for riches; a wish indeed so prevalent that it may be considered as universal and transcendental, as the desire in which all other desires are included, and of which the various purposes which actuate mankind are only subordinate species and different modifications.

WEALTH is indeed the general center of inclination, the point to which all minds preserve an invariable tendency, and from which they afterwards diverge in numberless directions.

etions. Whatever is the remote or ultimate design, the immediate care is to be rich; and in whatever enjoyment we intend finally to acquiesce, we seldom consider it as attainable but by the means of money. Of wealth therefore all unanimously confess the value, nor is there any disagreement but about the use.

No desire can be formed which riches do not assist us to gratify. He that places his happiness in splendid equipage or numerous dependents, in refined praise or popular acclamations, in the accumulation of curiosities or the revels of luxury, in splendid edifices or wide plantations, must still either by birth or acquisition possess riches. They may be considered as the elemental principles of pleasure, which may be combined with endless diversity; as the essential and necessary substance, of which only the form is left to be adjusted by choice.

THE necessity of riches being thus apparent, it is not wonderful that almost every mind has been employed in endeavours to acquire them; that multitudes have vied with each other in arts by which life is furnished



with accommodations, and which therefore mankind may reasonably be expected to reward.

It had indeed been happy, if this predominant appetite had operated only in concurrence with virtue, by influencing none but those who were zealous to deserve what they were eager to possess, and had abilities to improve their own fortunes by contributing to the ease or happiness of others. To have riches and to have merit would then have been the same, and success might reasonably have been considered as a proof of excellence.

BUT we do not find that any of the wishes of men keep a stated proportion to their powers of attainment. Many envy and desire wealth, who can never procure it by honest industry or useful knowledge. They therefore turn their eyes about to examine what other methods can be found of gaining that which none, however impotent or worthless, will be content to want.

A LITTLE enquiry will discover that there are nearer ways to profit than through the intricacies

tricacies of art, or up the steep of labour; that what wisdom and virtue scarcely receive at the close of life, as the recompence of long toil and repeated efforts, is brought within the reach of subtilty and dishonesty by more expeditious and compendious measures: that the wealth of credulity is an open prey to falsehood; and that the possessions of ignorance and imbecillity are easily stolen away by the conveyances of secret artifice, or seized by the gripe of unresisted violence.

It is likewise not hard to discover, that riches always procure protection for themselves, that they dazzle the eyes of enquiry, divert the celerity of pursuit, or appease the ferocity of vengeance. When any man is incontestably known to have large possessions, very few think it requisite to enquire by what practices they were obtained; the resentment of mankind rages only against the struggles of feeble and timorous corruption, but when it has surmounted the first opposition, it is afterwards supported by favour, and animated by applause.

THE prospect of gaining speedily what is  
ardently

ardently desired, and the certainty of obtaining by every accession of advantage an addition of security, have so far prevailed upon the passions of mankind, that the peace of life is destroyed by a general and incessant struggle for riches. It is observed of gold, by an old epigrammatist, that *to have it is to be in fear, and to want it is to be in sorrow*. There is no condition which is not disquieted either with the care of gaining or of keeping money; and the race of man may be divided in a political estimate between those who are practising fraud, and those who are repelling it.

If we consider the present state of the world, it will be found, that all confidence is lost among mankind, that no man ventures to act where money can be endangered, upon the faith of another. It is impossible to see the long scrolls in which every contract is included, with all their appendages of seals and attestation, without wondering at the depravity of those beings, who must be restrained from violation of promise by such formal and publick evidences, and precluded from equivocation and subterfuge by such punctilious minuteness. Among all the satires to which  
folly



folly and wickedness have given occasion, none is equally severe with a bond or a settlement.

Of the various arts by which riches may be obtained, the greater part are at the first view irreconcilable with the laws of virtue; some are openly flagitious, and practised not only in neglect, but in defiance of faith and justice; and the rest are on every side so entangled with dubious tendencies, and so beset with perpetual temptations, that very few, even of those who are not yet abandoned, are able to preserve their innocence, or can produce any other claim to pardon than that they have deviated from the right less than others, and have sooner and more diligently endeavoured to return.

ONE of the chief characteristicks of the golden age, of the age in which neither care nor danger had intruded on mankind, is the community of possessions: strife and fraud were totally excluded, and every turbulent passion was stilled, by plenty and equality. Such were indeed happy times, but such times can return no more. Community of possession



tion must always include spontaneity of production; for what is only to be obtained by labour, must be of right the property of him by whose labour it is gained. And while a rightful claim to pleasure or to affluence must be procured either by slow industry or uncertain hazard, there will always be multitudes whom cowardice or impatience will incite to more safe and more speedy methods, who will strive to pluck the fruit without cultivating the tree, and to share the advantages of victory without partaking the danger of the battle.

In later ages, the conviction of the danger to which virtue is exposed while the mind continues open to the influence of riches, has determined many to vows of perpetual poverty; they have suppressed desire by cutting off the possibility of gratification, and secured their peace by destroying the enemy whom they had no hope of reducing to quiet subjection. But by debarring themselves from evil, they have rescinded many opportunities of good; they have too often sunk into inactivity and uselessness; and though they have forbore to injure society, have not fully paid their contributions to its happiness.

WHILE

WHILE riches are so necessary to present convenience, and so much more easily obtained by crimes than virtues, the mind can only be secured from yielding to the continual impulse of covetousness by the preponderation of unchangeable and eternal motives. Gold will generally turn the intellectual balance, when weighed only against reputation; but will be light and ineffectual when the opposite scale is charged with justice, veracity, and piety.





NUMB. 132. SATURDAY, June 22, 1751.

*Dociles imitandis  
Turpibus ac pravis omnes sumus.*

JUV.

To the RAMBLER.

Mr. RAMBLER,

**I** Was bred a scholar, and having passed the usual course of education at least with common proficiency and credit, I found it necessary to employ for the support of life that learning which I had almost exhausted my little fortune in acquiring. The lucrative professions drew my regard with equal attraction: each had its peculiar advantages and inconveniences; each presented ideas which excited my curiosity, and each imposed duties which terrified my apprehension.

THERE is no temper more unpropitious to interest than desultory application and unlimited

limited enquiry, by which the desires are held in a perpetual equipoise; and the mind fluctuates between different purposes without determination. I had books of every kind round me, among which I divided my time as caprice or accident directed. I often spent the first hours of the day, in considering to what study I should devote the rest; and at last when I was harassed with deliberation, snatched up any author that lay upon the table, or perhaps, fled to a coffee-house for deliverance from the anxiety of irresolution, and the gloominess of solitude. But, when my attention happened to be vigorous, and my intellects unclouded, I ranged from art to art, from writer to writer, and have distributed a single hour among *Chrysostom, Galen, Homer, Euclid, and Justinian.*

In the mean time my little patrimony grew imperceptibly less till I was at last roused from my literary slumber by the impatience of a creditor, whose importunity obliged me to pacify him with so large a sum that what remained was not sufficient to support me more than eight months. I hope you will not reproach me with avarice or cowardice

if



if I acknowledge that I now thought myself in danger of distress, and obliged to endeavour after some certain competence.

THERE have been heroes of negligence, who have laid the price of their last acre in a drawer, and, without the least interruption of their tranquillity or abatement of their expenses, taken out one piece after another, till there was no more remaining. But I was not born to such dignity of imprudence, or such exaltation above the cares and necessities of life: I therefore immediately engaged my friends to procure me a little employment, which might set me free from the dread of poverty, and afford me time to plan out some final scheme of lasting advantage.

MY friends, whose kindness had never risen into much solicitude, and who had neither inclination nor opportunity to know the state of my revenues, were struck with honest perturbation at the confession of my uneasiness, and immediately promised their endeavours for my extrication. They did not suffer their kindness to languish by delay, but in the first ardour of their zeal prosecuted their enquiries with

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with such success, that in less than a month I was perplexed with variety of offers and contrariety of prospects.

I HAD however no time for long pauses of consideration; and therefore soon resolved to accept the office of instructing a young nobleman in the house of his father: I went to the seat at which the family then happened to reside, was received with great politeness, and invited to enter immediately on my charge. The terms offered were such as I should willingly have accepted, though my circumstances had allowed me greater liberty of choice: the respect with which I was treated flattered my vanity; and perhaps, the splendor of the apartments, and the luxury of the table, were not wholly without their influence. I immediately complied with the proposals, and received the young lord into my care.

HAVING no desire to gain more than I should truly deserve, I very diligently prosecuted my undertaking, and had the satisfaction of discovering in my pupil a flexible temper, a quick apprehension, and a retentive memory.

memory. I did not much doubt that my care would, in time, produce a wise and useful counsellor to the state, though my labours were somewhat obstructed by want of authority, and the necessity of complying with the freaks of negligence, and of waiting patiently for the lucky moment of voluntary attention. To a man, whose imagination was filled with the dignity of knowledge, and to whom a studious life had made all the common amusements insipid and contemptible, it was not very easy to suppress his indignation, when he saw himself forsaken in the midst of his lecture, for an opportunity to catch an insect, and found his instructions debarred from access to the intellectual faculties by the memory of a childish frolick, or the desire of a new plaything.

THOSE vexations, however, would have recurred less frequently, had not his mamma, by entreating at one time that he should be excused from his task as a reward for some petty compliance, and withholding him from his book at another to gratify herself or her visitants with his vivacity, shewn him that every thing was more pleasing and more important

6

than



than knowledge, and that study was to be endured rather than chosen, and was only the business of those hours which pleasure left vacant, or discipline usurped.

I THOUGHT it my duty to complain, in tender terms, of these frequent avocations; but was answered, that rank and fortune might reasonably hope for some indulgence; that the retardation of my pupil's progress would not be imputed to any negligence or inability of mine; and that with the success which satisfied every body else, I might surely satisfy myself. I had now done my duty, and without more remonstrances, continued to inculcate my precepts whenever they would be heard, gained every day new influence, and found that by degrees my scholar began to feel the quick impulses of curiosity, and the honest ardour of studious ambition.

At length it was resolved to pass a winter in *London*. The lady had too much fondness for her son to live five months without him, and too high an opinion of his wit and learning to refuse her vanity the gratification of exhibiting him to the publick. I remonstrated against



against too early an acquaintance with cards and company; but with a soft contempt of my ignorance and pedantry, she said that he had been already confined too long to solitary study, and it was now time to shew him the world; that nothing was more a brand of meanness than bashful timidity; that gay freedom and elegant assurance were only to be gained by mixed conversation, a frequent intercourse with strangers, and a timely introduction to splendid assemblies; and she had more than once observed, that his forwardness and complaisance began to desert him, that he was silent when he had not something of consequence to say, blushed whenever he happened to find himself mistaken, and hung down his head in the presence of ladies, without that readiness of reply and activity of officiousness remarkable in young gentlemen that are bred in *London*.

AGAIN I found resistance hopeless, and again therefore I thought it proper to comply. We entered the coach, and in four days were placed in the gayest and most magnificent region of the town. My pupil, who had for several years lived at a remote seat, was

was immediately dazzled with a thousand beams of novelty and shew. His imagination was filled with the perpetual tumult of pleasure that passed before him, and it was impossible to allure him from the window, or to overpower by any charm of eloquence the rattle of coaches, and the sounds which echoed from the doors in the neighbourhood. In three days his attention, which he began to regain, was disturbed by a rich suit, in which he was equipped for the reception of company, and which, having been long accustomed to a plain dress, he could not at first survey without ecstasy.

THE arrival of the family was now formally notified; every hour of every day brought more intimate or more distant acquaintance to the door; and my pupil was indiscriminately introduced to all, that he might accustom himself to change of faces, and be rid with speed of his rustick diffidence. He has easily endeared himself to his mother by the speedy acquisition or recovery of her darling qualities; his eyes sparkle at a numerous assembly, and his heart dances at the mention of a ball. He has at once caught the

infection of high life, and has no other test of principles or actions than the quality of those to whom they are ascribed. He begins already to look down on me with superiority, and submits to one short lesson in a week, as an act of condescension rather than obedience, for he is of opinion, that no tutor is properly qualified who cannot speak *French*; and having formerly learned a few familiar phrases from his sister's governess, he is every day soliciting his mamma to procure him a foreign footman, that he may grow polite by his conversation. I am yet not insulted, but find myself likely to become soon a superfluous incumbrance, for my scholar has now no time for science, or for virtue; and the lady yesterday declared him so much the favourite of every company, that she was afraid he would not have an hour in the day to dance and fence.

*I am, &c.*

EUMATHES.



NUMB. 133. TUESDAY, June 25, 1751.

*Magna quidem sacris quæ dat præcepta libellis  
Victrix fortunæ sapientia. Dicimus autem*

*Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,  
Nec jactare jugum, vitâ didicere magistrâ.*

JUV.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU have shewn by the publication of my letter, that you think the life of *Victoria* not wholly unworthy of the notice of a philosopher : I shall therefore continue my narrative, without any apology for unimportance which you have dignified, or for inaccuracies which you are to correct.

WHEN my life appeared to be no longer in danger, and as much of my strength was recovered as enabled me to bear the agitation of a coach, I was placed at a lodging in a neighbouring village, to which my mother dismissed



me with a faint embrace, having repeated her command not to expose my face too soon to the sun or wind, and told me, that with care I might perhaps become tolerable again. The prospect of being tolerable had very little power to elevate the imagination of one who had so long been accustomed to praise and ecstacy; but it was some satisfaction to be separated from my mother, who was incessantly ringing the knell of departed beauty, and never entered my room without the whine of condolence, or the growl of anger. She often wandered over my face, as travellers over the ruins of a celebrated city, to note every place which had once been remarkable for a happy feature. She condescended to visit my retirement, but always left me more melancholy; for after a thousand trifling enquiries about my diet, and a minute examination of my looks, she generally concluded with a sigh that I should never more be fit to be seen.

AT last I was permitted to return home, but found no great improvement of my condition; for I was imprisoned in my chamber as a criminal, whose appearance would disgrace my friends, and condemned to be tortured

tured into new beauty. Every experiment which the officiousness of folly could communicate, or the credulity of ignorance believe, was tried upon me. Sometimes I was covered with emollients, by which it was expected that all the scars would be filled, and my cheeks plumped up to their former smoothness; and sometimes I was punished with artificial excoriations, in hopes of gaining new graces with a new skin. The cosmetick science was exhausted upon me; but who can repair the ruins of nature? My mother was forced to give me rest at last, and abandon me to the fate of a fallen toast, whose fortune she considered as a hopeless game, no longer worthy of solicitude or attention.

THE condition of a young woman who has never thought or heard of any other excellence than beauty, and whom the sudden blast of disease wrinkles in her bloom, is, indeed, sufficiently calamitous. She is at once deprived of all that gave her eminence or power; of all that elated her pride, or animated her activity; all that filled her days with pleasure and her nights with hope; all that gave gladness to the present hour, or brightened her prospects of futurity.

futurity. It is perhaps, not in the power of a man whose attention has been divided by diversity of pursuits, and who has not been accustomed to derive from others much of his happiness, to image to himself such helpless destitution, such dismal inanity. Every object of pleasing contemplation, is at once snatched away, and the soul finds every receptacle of ideas empty, or filled only with the memory of joys that can return no more. All is gloomy privation, or impotent desire; the faculties of anticipation slumber in despondency, or the powers of pleasure mutiny for employment.

I WAS so little able to find entertainment for myself, that I was forced in a short time to venture abroad, as the solitary savage is driven by hunger from his cavern. I entered with all the humility of disgrace into assemblies, where I had lately sparkled with gaiety, and towered with triumph. I was not wholly without hope, that dejection had misrepresented me to myself, and that the remains of my former face might yet have some attraction and influence: But the first circle of visits convinced me, that my reign was at an end; that

that life and death were no longer in my hands; that I was no more to practise the glance of command, or the frown of prohibition, to receive the tribute of sighs and praises, or be soothed with the gentle murmurs of amorous timidity. My opinion was now unheard, and my proposals were unregarded; the narrowness of my knowledge, and the meanness of my sentiments, were easily discovered, when the eyes were no longer engaged against the judgment; and it was observed, by those who had formerly been charmed with my vivacious loquacity, that my understanding was impaired as well as my face, and that I was no longer qualified to fill a place in any company but a party at cards.

It is scarcely to be imagined how soon the mind sinks to a level with the condition. I, who had long considered all who approached me as vassals condemned to regulate their pleasures by my eyes, and harass their inventions for my entertainment, was in less than three weeks reduced to receive a ticket with professions of obligation; to catch with eagerness at a compliment; and to watch with all the anxiousness of dependance, lest any little



civility that was paid me should pass unacknowledged.

THOUGH the negligence of the men was not very pleasing when compared with vows and adoration, yet it was far more supportable than the insolence of my own sex. For the first ten months after my return into the world, I never entered a single house in which the memory of my downfall was not revived. At one place I was congratulated on my escape with life; at another I heard of the benefits of early inoculation; by some I have been told in express terms, that I am yet not without my charms; others have whispered at my entrance, This is the celebrated beauty. One told me of a wash that would smoothe the skin; and another offered me her chair that I might not front the light. Some soothed me with the observation that none can tell how soon my case may be her own; and some thought it proper to receive me with mournful tenderness, formal condolence, and consolatory blandishments.

THUS was I every day harassed with all the stratagems of well-bred malignity; yet insolence

lence was more tolerable than solitude, and I therefore persisted to keep my time at the doors of my acquaintance, without gratifying them with any appearance of resentment or depression. I expected that their exultation would in time vapour away; that the joy of their superiority would end with its novelty; and that I should be suffered to glide along in my present form among the nameless multitude whom nature never intended to excite envy or admiration, nor enabled to delight the eye or inflame the heart.

THIS was naturally to be expected, and this I began to experience. But when I was no longer agitated by the perpetual ardour of resistance and effort of perseverance, I found more sensibly the want of those entertainments which had formerly delighted me; the day rose upon me without an engagement, and the evening closed in its natural gloom, without summoning me to a concert or a ball. None had any care to find amusements for me, and I had no power of amusing myself. Idleness exposed me to melancholy, and life began to languish in motionless indifference.

MISERY and shame are nearly allied. It was not without many struggles that I prevailed on myself to confess my uneasiness to *Euphemia*, the only friend who had never pained me with comfort or with pity. I at last laid my calamities before her, rather to ease my heart than receive assistance. “ We  
“ must distinguish, said she, my *Victoria*,  
“ those evils which are imposed by providence, from those to which we ourselves  
“ give the power of hurting us. Of your  
“ calamity, a small part is the infliction of  
“ heaven, the rest is little more than the corrosion of idle discontent. You have lost  
“ that which may indeed sometimes contribute to happiness, but to which happiness  
“ is by no means inseparably annexed. You  
“ have lost what the greater number of the  
“ human race never have possessed; what those  
“ on whom it is bestowed for the most part  
“ possess in vain; and what you, while it was  
“ yours, knew not how to use: You have  
“ only lost early what the laws of nature forbade you to keep long, and have lost it while  
“ your mind is yet flexible, and while you  
“ have time to substitute more valuable and  
“ more

“ more durable excellencies. Consider your-  
 “ self, my *Victoria*, as a being born to know,  
 “ to reason, and to act; rise at once from  
 “ your dream of melancholy to wisdom and  
 “ to piety; you will find that there are other  
 “ charms than those of beauty, and other joys  
 “ than the praise of fools.”

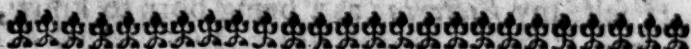
*I am, Sir, &c.*

VICTORIA.



NUMB.]





NUMB. 134. SATURDAY, June 29, 1751.

*Quis scit, an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina sum-*  
*mæ*

*Tempora Dî superi?*

HOR.

I Sat yesterday morning employed in deliberating on which, among the various subjects that occurred to my imagination, I should bestow the paper of to-day. After a short effort of meditation which by nothing was determined, I grew every moment more irresolute, my ideas wandered from the first intention, and I rather wished to think, than thought, upon any settled subject; till at last I was awakened from this dream of study by a summons from the press: the time was come for which I had been thus negligently purposing to provide, and, however dubious or sluggish, I was now necessitated to write.

THOUGH to a writer whose design is so  
com-

comprehensive and miscellaneous, that he may accommodate himself with a topick from every scene of life, or view of nature, it is no great aggravation of his task to be obliged to a sudden composition, yet I could not forbear to reproach myself for having so long neglected what was unavoidably to be done, and of which every moment's idleness increased the difficulty. There was however some pleasure in reflecting that I, who had only trifled till diligence was necessary, might still congratulate myself upon my superiority to multitudes, who have trifled till diligence is vain; who can by no degree of activity or resolution recover the opportunities which have slipped away; and who are condemned by their own carelessness to hopeless calamity and barren sorrow.

THE folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses, which in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater or less degree in almost every mind: even they who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious of their passions,

passions, always renewing its attacks, and though often vanquished, never destroyed.

IT is indeed natural to have particular regard to the time present, and to be most solicitous for that which is by its nearness enabled to make the strongest impressions. When therefore any sharp pain is to be suffered, or any formidable danger to be incurred, we can scarcely exempt ourselves wholly from the seducements of imagination; we readily believe that another day will bring some support or advantage which we now want; and are easily persuaded, that the moment of necessity which we desire never to arrive, is at a great distance from us.

THUS life is languished away in the gloom of anxiety, and consumed in collecting resolution which the next morning dissipates; in forming purposes which we scarcely hope to keep; and reconciling ourselves to our own cowardice by excuses, which, while we admit them, we know to be absurd. Our firmness is by the continual contemplation of misery hourly impaired; every submission to our fear enlarges its dominion; we not only waste  
that

that time in which the evil we dread might have been suffered and surmounted, but even where procrastination produces no absolute encrease of our difficulties, make them less superable to ourselves by habitual terrors. When evils cannot be avoided, it is wise to contract the interval of expectation; to meet the mischiefs which will overtake us if we fly; and suffer only their real malignity without the conflicts of doubt and anguish of anticipation.

To act is far easier than to suffer, yet we every day see the progress of life retarded by the *vis inertiae*, the mere repugnance to motion, and find multitudes repining at the want of that which nothing but idleness hinders them from enjoying. The case of *Tantalus*, in the region of poetick punishment, was somewhat to be pitied, because the fruits that hung about him retired from his hand; but what tenderness can be claimed by those who though perhaps they suffer the pains of *Tantalus* will never lift their hands for their own relief?

THERE is nothing more common among  
this



this torpid generation than murmurs and complaints; murmurs at uneasiness which only vacancy and suspicion expose them to feel, and complaints of distresses which it is in their own power to remove. Laziness is commonly associated with timidity. Either fear originally prohibits endeavours by infusing despair of success; or the frequent failure of irresolute struggles, and the constant desire of avoiding labour, impress by degrees false terrors on the mind. But fear, whether natural or acquired, when once it has full possession of the fancy never fails to employ it upon visions of calamity, such as if they are not soon dissipated by useful employment, will soon overcast it with horrors, and embitter life not only with those miseries by which all earthly beings are really more or less tormented, but with those which do not yet exist, and which can only be discerned by the perspicacity of cowardice.

AMONG all who sacrifice future advantage to present inclination, scarcely any gain so little as those that suffer themselves to freeze in idleness. Others are corrupted by some enjoyment of more or less power to gratify

gratify the passions; but to neglect our duties, merely to avoid the labour of performing them, a labour which is always punctually rewarded, is surely to sink under weak temptations. Idleness never can secure tranquillity; the call of reason and of conscience will pierce the closest pavilion of the sluggard, and, though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from sleep. Those moments which he cannot resolve to make useful by devoting them to the great business of his being, will still be usurped by powers that will not leave them to his disposal; remorse and vexation will seize upon them, and forbid him to enjoy what he is so desirous to appropriate.

THERE are other causes of inactivity incident to more active faculties and more acute discernment. He to whom many objects of pursuit arise at the same time, will frequently hesitate between different desires, till a rival has precluded him, or change his course as new attractions prevail, and harass himself without advancing. He who sees different ways to the same end, will, unless he  
watches

watches carefully over his own conduct, lay out too much of his attention upon the comparison of probabilities, and the adjustment of expedients, and pause in the choice of his road, till some accident intercepts his journey. He whose penetration extends to remote consequences, and who, whenever he applies his attention to any design, discovers new prospects of advantage, and new possibilities of improvement, will not easily be persuaded that his project is ripe for execution ; but will superadd one contrivance to another, endeavour to unite various purposes in one operation, multiply complications, and refine niceties, till he is entangled in his own scheme, and bewildered in the perplexity of various intentions. He will resolve to unite all the beauties of situation in a new purchase, and waste his life in roving to no purpose from province to province. He will hope in the same house to obtain every convenience, and draw plans and study *Palladio*, but never lay a stone. He will attempt a treatise on some important subject, and amass materials, consult authors, and study all the dependent and collateral parts of learning, but never conclude himself qualified to write. He that has

abilities

abilities to conceive perfection, will not easily be content without it; and since perfection cannot be reached, will lose the opportunity of doing well in the vain hope of unattainable excellence.

THE certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true that no diligence can ascertain success; death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.







NUMB. 135. TUESDAY, July 2, 1751.

*Cælum, non animum mutant.*

HOR.

**I**T is impossible to take a view on any side, or observe any of the various classes that form the great community of the world, without discovering some proof of the influence of example ; and admitting with new conviction and in a sense more extensive the observation of *Aristotle*, that *man is an imitative being*. The greater, far the greater, number follow the track which others have beaten, without any curiosity after new discoveries, or ambition of trusting themselves to their own conduct. And, of those whom the confidence of juvenile temerity incites to break the ranks and disorder the uniformity of the march, most return in a short time from their deviation, and prefer the equal and steady satisfaction of security before the frolics of caprice and the honours of adventure.

IN

IN questions difficult or dangerous it is indeed natural to repose upon authority, and, when fear happens to predominate, upon the authority of those whom we do not in general think wiser than ourselves. Very few have abilities requisite for the discovery of abstruse truth; and of those few some want leisure and some resolution, some are drawn off from the search by business or amusements, and some retire at the appearance of difficulty. But it is not so easy to find the reason of the universal submission to precedent where every man might safely judge for himself; where no irreparable loss can be hazarded, nor any mischief of long continuance incurred. Vanity might be expected to operate on those who are not restrained by any more powerful passion; the mere pleasure of acknowledging no superior might sometimes produce slight singularities, or the hope of gaining some new degree of happiness awaken the mind to invention or experiment.

IF in any case the shackles of prescription could be wholly shaken off, and the imagination left to act without controul, on what occasion

caſion ſhould it be expected, but in the ſelection of lawful pleaſure? Pleaſure, of which the eſſence is choice; which compulſion diſſociates from every thing to which nature has united it; and which owes not only its vigour but its being to the ſmiles of liberty. Yet we ſee that the ſenſes, as well as the reaſon, are regulated by credulity; and that moſt will feel, or ſay that they feel, the gratifications which others have taught them to expect.

AT this time of univerſal migration, when almoſt every one, conſiderable enough to attract regard, has retired, or is preparing with all the earneſtneſs of diſtreſs to retire, into the country; when nothing is to be heard but the hopes of ſpeedy departure, or the complaints of involuntary delay; I have often been tempted to enquire what happineſs to be gained, or what inconvenience to be avoided, by this ſtated reſceſſion. Of the birds of paſſage, ſome follow the ſummer, and ſome the winter, becauſe they live upon ſuſtenance which only ſummer or winter can ſupply; but of the annual flight of human rovers it is much harder to aſſign the reaſon, becauſe they do not appear either to find or ſeek any thing which

is

is not equally afforded by the town and country.

I BELIEVE, that many of these fugitives may have heard of men whose continual wish was for the quiet of retirement, who watched every opportunity to steal away from observation, to forsake the croud, and delight themselves with *the society of solitude*. There is indeed scarcely any writer who has not celebrated the happiness of rural privacy, and delighted himself and his reader with the melody of birds, the whisper of groves, and the murmur of rivulets; nor any man eminent for extent of capacity, or greatness of exploits that has not left behind him some memorials of lonely wisdom, and silent dignity.

BUT almost all absurdity of conduct arises from the imitation of those whom we cannot resemble. Those who thus testified their weariness of tumult and hurry, and hasted with so much eagerness to the leisure of retreat, were either men overwhelmed with the pressure of difficult employments, harassed with importunities, and distracted with multiplicity; or men wholly engrossed by speculative



lative sciences, who having no other end of life but to learn and teach, found their searches interrupted by the common commerce of civility, and their reasonings disjointed by frequent interruptions. Such men might reasonably fly to that ease and convenience which their condition allowed them to find only in the country. The statesman who devoted the greater part of his time to the publick, was desirous of keeping the remainder in his own power; the general ruffled with dangers, wearied with labours, and stunned with acclamations, gladly snatched an interval of silence and relaxation; the naturalist was unhappy where the works of providence were not always before him; the reasoner could adjust his systems only where his mind was free from the intrusion of outward objects.

SUCH examples of solitude very few of those who are now hastening from the town, have any pretensions to plead in their own justification, since they cannot pretend either weariness of labour, or desire of knowledge. They purpose nothing more than to quit one scene of idleness for another, and after having trifled in publick to sleep in secrecy. The  
utmost

utmost that they can hope to gain is the change of ridiculousness to obscurity, and the privilege of having fewer witnesses to a life of folly. He who is not sufficiently important to be disturbed in his pursuits, but spends all his hours according to his own inclination, and has more hours than his mental faculties enable him to fill either with enjoyment or desires, can have nothing to demand of shades and valleys. As bravery is said to be a panoply, insignificancy is always a shelter.

THERE are however pleasures and advantages in a rural situation, which are not confined to philosophers and heroes. The freshness of the air, the verdure of the woods, the paint of the meadows, and the unexhausted variety which summer scatters upon the earth, may easily give delight to an unlearned spectator. It is not necessary that he who looks with pleasure on the colours of a flower should study the principles of vegetation, or that the *Ptolemaick* and *Copernican* system should be compared before the light of the sun can gladden, or its warmth invigorate. Novelty is itself a source of gratification, and *Milton* justly observes, that to him who has been long

pent up in cities no rural object can be presented, which will not gladden some of his senses with refreshment.

YET even these easy pleasures are missed by the greater part of those who waste their summer in the country. Should any man pursue his acquaintances to their retreats, he would find few of them listening to *Philomel*, loitering in woods, or plucking daisies, catching the healthy gale of the morning, or watching the gentle coruscations of declining day. Some will be discovered at a window by the road side, rejoicing when a new cloud of dust gathers towards them, as at the approach of a momentary supply of conversation, and a short relief from the tediousness of unideal vacancy. Others are placed in the adjacent villages, where they look only upon houses as in the rest of the year, with no change of objects but what a remove to any new street in *London* might have given them. The same set of acquaintances still settle together, and the form of life is not otherwise diversified than by doing the same things in a different place. They pay and receive visits in the usual form, they frequent the walks in the morning,

morning, they deal cards at night, they attend to the same tattle, and dance with the same partners; nor can they at their return to their former habitation congratulate themselves on any other advantage, than that they have passed their time like others of the same rank; and have the same right to talk of the happiness and beauty of the country, of happiness which they never felt, and beauty which they never regarded.

To be able to procure its own entertainments, and to subsist upon its own stock, is not the prerogative of every mind. There are indeed understandings so fertile and comprehensive, that they can always feed reflection with new supplies, and suffer nothing from the preclusion of adventitious amusements; as some cities have within their own walls enclosed ground enough to feed their inhabitants in a siege. But others live only from day to day, and must be constantly enabled, by foreign supplies, to keep out the encroachments of languor and stupidity. Such could not indeed be blamed for hovering within reach of their usual pleasures, more than any other animal for not quitting its native element,



were not their faculties contracted by their own fault. But let not those who go into the country, merely because they dare not be left alone at home, boast their love of nature, or their qualifications for solitude; nor pretend that they receive instantaneous infusions of wisdom from the *Dryads*, and are able, when they leave smoke and noise behind, to act, or think, or reason for themselves.



NUMB. 136. SATURDAY, July 16, 1751.

Ἐχθρὸς γὰρ μοι κείνος ὁμῶς αἰδέομαι Πύλῃσιν,  
Ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθει ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.

HOM.

THE regard which they whose abilities are employed in the works of imagination claim from the rest of mankind arises in a great measure from their influence on futurity. Rank may be conferred by princes, and wealth bequeathed by misers or by robbers; but the honours of a lasting name and a title to the veneration of distant ages only the sons of learning have the power of bestowing.

ing. While therefore the love of fame is a motive of action, while it continues one of the characteristicks of rational nature to decline oblivion, authors never can be wholly overlooked in the search after happiness, nor become contemptible but by their own fault.

THE man who considers himself as constituted the ultimate judge of disputable characters, as entrusted with the distribution of the last terrestrial rewards of merit, ought surely to summon all his fortitude to the support of his integrity, and resolve to discharge an office of such dignity and importance with the most vigilant caution and scrupulous justice. To deliver examples to posterity, and to regulate the opinion of future times, is no slight or trivial undertaking; nor is it easy to commit more atrocious treason against the great republick of humanity, than by falsifying its records and misguiding its decrees.

To scatter praise or blame without regard to justice, is to destroy the distinction of good and evil. Many have no other test of actions than general opinion; and all are so far influ-

enced by a sense of reputation, that they are often restrained by fear of reproach, and excited by hope of honour, when other principles have lost their power; nor can any species of prostitution promote general depravity more than that which destroys the value of praise, by shewing that it may be acquired without deserving it, and, which by setting free the active and ambitious who must always determine the fate of others, from the dread of infamy, lets loose the rapacity of power, and weakens the only authority by which greatness is controlled.

PRAISE, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It must become cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation, or animate enterprize. It is therefore not only necessary, that wickedness, even when it is not safe to censure it, be denied applause, but that goodness be commended only in proportion to its degree; and that the garlands, due to the great benefactors of mankind, be not suffered to fade upon the brow of him who can boast only petty services and easy virtues.

HAD these maxims been universally received,

ceived how much would have been added to the task of dedication, the work on which all the power of modern wit has been exhausted. How few of these initial panegyricks had appeared, if the author had been obliged first to find a man of virtue, then to know the distinct species and degree of his desert, and at last to pay him only the honours which he might justly claim. It is much easier to learn the name of the last man whom chance has exalted to wealth and power, to obtain by the intervention of some of his domesticks the privilege of addressing him, or to venture on an address without any previous solicitation in confidence of the general acceptance of flattery; and after having heaped upon him all the virtues to which philosophy has assigned a name, inform him how much more might be truly said, did not the fear of giving pain to his modesty repress the raptures of wonder and the zeal of veneration.

NOTHING has so much degraded literature from its natural rank, as the practice of indecent and promiscuous dedication; for what credit can he expect who professes himself the hireling of vanity, however profligate,  
and



and without shame or scruple celebrates the worthless, dignifies the mean, and gives to the corrupt licentious and oppressive the ornaments which ought only to add grace to truth and loveliness to innocence? Every other kind of fraud or adulteration, however shameful, however mischievous, is certainly far less detestable than the crime of counterfeiting characters, and fixing the stamp of literary sanction, upon the dross and refuse of the world.

I would not, yet overwhelm the authors with the whole load of infamy, of which part, perhaps the greater part, ought to fall upon their patrons. If he that hires a bravo partakes the guilt of murder, why should he who bribes a flatterer hope to be exempted from the shame of falsehood? The unhappy dedicator is seldom without some motives which obstruct, though not destroy the liberty of choice; he is perhaps oppressed by miseries which he hopes to relieve, or inflamed by ambition which he expects to gratify. But the patron has no incitements equally violent; he can receive only a short gratification, with which nothing but stupidity could dispose

dispose him to be pleased. The real satisfaction which praise can afford is by repeating aloud the whispers of conscience, and by shewing us that we have not endeavoured to deserve well in vain. Every other encomium is, to an intelligent mind, satire and reproach; the celebration of these virtues which we feel ourselves to want, can only impress a quicker sense of our own defects, and shew that we have not yet satisfied the expectations of the world, by forcing us to observe how much fiction must contribute to the completion of our character.

YET perhaps the patron himself may have some claim to indulgence; for it does not always happen, that the encomiast has been much encouraged to his attempt. Many a hapless author, when his book, and perhaps his dedication, was ready for the press, has waited long before any one would pay the price of prostitution, or consent to hear the praises destined to insure his name against the casualties of time; and many a complaint has been vented against the decline of learning, and neglect of genius, when either parsimonious prudence has declined.

elined expence, or honest indignation reject-  
ed falshood. But if at last, after long enquiry  
and innumerable disappointments, he finds a  
lord willing to hear of his own eloquence and  
taste, a statesman desirous of knowing how a  
friendly historian will represent his conduct,  
or a lady delighted to leave to the world some  
memorial of her wit and beauty, such weak-  
ness cannot be censured as an instance of en-  
ormous depravity. It can scarcely be expected  
but the wisest man may by a diligent solicitor  
be surpris'd in the hour of weakness, and per-  
suaded to solace vexation, or invigorate hope  
with the musick of flattery.

To censure all dedications as adulatory and  
servile, would discover rather envy than jus-  
tice. Praise is the tribute of merit, and he  
that has incontestably distinguished himself by  
any publick performance, has a right to all  
the honours which the publick can bestow.  
To men thus raised above the rest of the com-  
munity, there is no need that the book or its  
author should have any particular relation;  
that the patron is known to deserve respect,  
is sufficient to vindicate him that pays it. To  
the same regard from particular persons pri-  
vate



N<sup>o</sup> 136. The HAMBLER 323

vate virtue and less conspicuous excellence may be sometimes entitled. An author may with great propriety inscribe his work to him by whose encouragement it was undertaken, or by whose liberality he has been enabled to prosecute it; and may justly rejoice in his own fortitude when he dares to rescue merit from obscurity.

*Acribus exemplis video te cludere: misce  
Ergo aliquid nostris de moribus.——*

I know not whether greater relaxation may not be indulged, and whether hope as well as gratitude may not unblameably produce a dedication; but let the writer who pours out his praises only to propitiate power, or attract the attention of greatness, be cautious lest his desire betray him to exuberant eulogies. We are naturally more apt to please ourselves with the future than the past, and while we luxuriate in expectation, may be easily persuaded to purchase what we yet rate only by imagination, at a higher price than experience will warrant.

BUT no private views or personal regard can discharge any man from his general obligations



gations to virtue and to truth. It may happen in the various combinations of life that a good man may receive favours from one who, notwithstanding his accidental beneficence, cannot be justly proposed to the imitation of others, whom, therefore, he must find some other way of rewarding than by publick celebrations. Self-love has indeed many powers of seducement, but it surely ought not to exalt us to equality with the collective body of mankind, or persuade us that a benefit conferred on us is equivalent to every other virtue. Yet many upon false principles of gratitude have ventured to extol wretches whom all but their dependents numbered among the reproaches of the species, and whom they would likewise have beheld with the same scorn had they not been hired to dishonest approbation.

To encourage merit with praise is the great business of literature; but praise must lose its influence, by unjust or negligent distribution; and he that impairs its value may be charged with misapplication of the power that genius puts into his hands, and with squandering on guilt the recompence of virtue.



END of Vols. IV.

